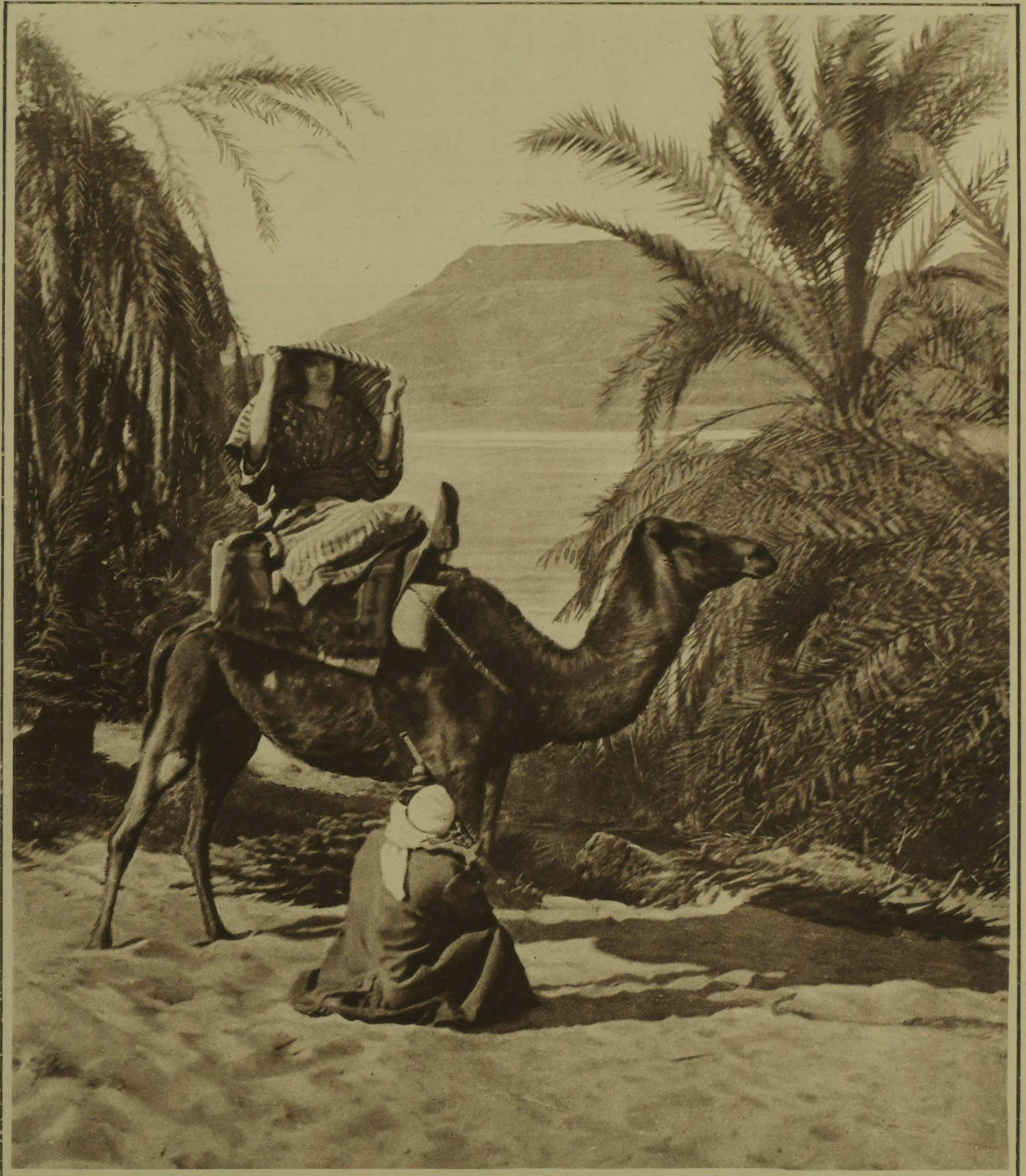


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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AT THE GATE TO THE UNKNOWN: ROSITA FORBES ON CAMEL-BACK AT THE BEGINNING OF THE MYSTERIOUS KUFARA—IN THE DISTANCE THE SALT LAKE AND MOUNTAINS OF BUSEIMA.

Rosita Forbes has the distinction of being the first white woman to penetrate to the mysterious home of the Senussi in the oases of Kufara, far in the heart of the Libyan desert. Her daring and hazardous adventure has won for her recognition as a leading explorer, and a personal interview with the King and Queen. On several later pages in this number we illustrate incidents of the journey;

together with an article from her pen, and a map of the approximate route she followed. The above photograph was taken beside the salt lake of Buseima, an outlying oasis of the Kufara group. Here she was at the gateway of the unknown, for Kufara itself lay beyond the mountains seen in the background. The full story of the adventures of Mrs. Forbes is to be published in "Cassell's Magazine."

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES. (SEE OTHER PAGES IN THIS ISSUE.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHILE being what many would call a fanatic for the French alliance, I cannot bring myself to admire the suggestion, recently made in some journalistic quarters, that we should alter such names as that of Waterloo Station, out of delicacy towards the French. If once the memory of a national victory is to be regarded as an international insult, France herself would have to apologise to nearly every country in Europe. There is scarcely a city on the Continent the French have not entered in triumph; there is scarcely a flag in the civilised world that the French have not hung on their temples or their triumphal arches; there is scarcely a kingdom or a province that has not the name of a French victory that might be or is the name of a Paris street. If such a reminder to the victors is a reproach to the vanquished, England, as well as Europe, has a right to complain of the monuments of France. Every statue of Joan of Arc is a memorial of English defeat. I

am not sure, on the same principles, that we might not complain of the sneering insolence of our American friends, in having dared to give their capital the name of Washington. There is, at the same time, a not uninteresting difference between Washington and Waterloo. Washington is rather like Washington; and Waterloo is not in the least like Waterloo. Washington as a city is conceived in a classic spirit, still full of the eighteenth century and the great gentleman of the Revolution. By deliberately excluding the commercial elements of America from the political capital of America, the Americans have really succeeded in planning out a place that is not unworthy of such a name. I can imagine an American walking in some of those stately avenues, or where a grove of trees, I fancy, once bore the great name of Jefferson, really feeling spontaneously something of the spirit of the Fathers of the Republic. I can less easily imagine a tourist, waiting for a train in Waterloo Station, spontaneously feeling his soul uplifted with all the trumpets of the last charge at Waterloo. The emotions which most of us have felt, when waiting for a train, were not invariably and exclusively intoxicated with the madness of patriotic vainglory. The particular architecture of Waterloo Station has never inspired me personally with the fiery ecstasy of the laurel and the sword. I do not think it does any harm to the station of Waterloo to give it such a name as that of the field of Waterloo. Whether it is quite fair to the field of Waterloo to erect to it such a monument as the station of Waterloo might be another question. In short, if we, the English, did really desire to glorify the memory of the battle, it would seem that we have adopted a rather dingy and ineffectual way of doing it. We have never been very fortunate with our public monuments, and this would certainly seem to be one of the least felicitous. The great figure on the Colonne de Vendôme can afford to smile at the artistic effort.

But there is another reform, connected with the same set of ideas, which I would very respectfully urge as a substitute. I fear it is a much more radical and even revolutionary reform than the alteration of a name connected with the defeat of Napoleon. It is that we should leave off talking nonsense about Napoleon, and especially talking nonsense against Napoleon. It is, that instead of bothering about whether a large railway shed is named after the battle of Waterloo, we should actually try to learn something about the battle of Waterloo, and about the real merits and demerits of the European adventure which finally failed there. So drastic and even dramatic a change in our historical habits is certainly more of an undertaking than the alteration of a luggage label from Waterloo to Stockholm or Brést-Litovsk, or some name which our Pacifists might prefer. Men will certainly not forget Waterloo any more than they will forget Napoleon; and, since

of him as a historical human being, and of the things he stood for, which were much more important than himself. This is the one thing that nobody will do for Napoleon; and the trick by which his reasonable fame still suffers is simple enough.

The trick consists of first artificially attiring him in all the terrors of a superman, and on that ground denying him the rights of a man. Somebody said the devil was a gentleman; and somebody else said that Napoleon was not a gentleman. The trick consists in expressing surprise that he was not a gentleman, when we have settled to our own satisfaction that he was the devil. But if we need sanity touching Napoleon in his personal aspect, we need it much more in his public aspect. For the things for which Napoleon really fought were the very contrary of those cloudy and fatalistic things with which his legends have been

clothed. If ever a man stood for the strong southern sun against the clouds and the confusing twilight, it was he. What Napoleon stood for was common sense—*le bon sens français*. That French common-sense can sometimes be cruel, but never fatalistic. It despises dooms and omens and hereditary curses and chosen races, and all the superstitious necessitarianism of the North. In short, he stood for French freedom, and in this sense for French free thought. But, if there was another thing he stood for, it was French respectability. He represented a mass of customs and conceptions of which his English enemies seemed to know nothing and his English admirers to know less. His laws cannot be understood without the French key of domesticity. All his legislation and social reform revolved round the very thing which all our legislation and social reform are seeking to destroy—the family. It was the very reverse of what we call grandmotherly legislation, but it might in one sense be called legislation for grandmothers. The central figure of its family council was that terrible person the French grandmother. If Napoleon was not always a Christian, he was always a pagan, and what paganism would call a pious pagan. He understood the thing that so many French poets express, the veneration of the soil and the invocation of the dead. In all this he was doubtless merely the leader of Latin culture; and all the more because all forms of that culture are rooted in the form we call agriculture. It desires the human family to stand on its own feet, within the frontiers of its own land. With that object it was revolutionary. With that object it is conservative. And if we had no other reason for understanding all these ideals, of which that Southern soldier was merely the instrument, it might be worth our while to discover why at this moment France alone speaks in as firm a tone to Russian anarchists as to Prussian autocrats. The French Revolution cannot be understood, till we realise that it is exactly where the Jacobins went that the Bolsheviks cannot follow.



WEARING THE RIBAND OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH: THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN AT THE GUILDHALL, REPLYING TO THE CITY'S ADDRESS.

On May 11 the Crown Prince of Japan, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, drove in state from Buckingham Palace to the Guildhall, where he was presented by the Lord Mayor with an Address of Welcome in a gold casket (illustrated on another page). He replied in Japanese, reading from a great white scroll, and Count Chinda translated. Behind him, to the left, are the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. To the right of the table are seen in the front row (from left to right) the Prince of Wales, Prince Kan'in, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Connaught. Afterwards the Crown Prince was entertained to lunch at the Mansion House.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

we cannot forget them, we are almost driven back on the desperate expedient of understanding them.

In looking over a large number of English articles and essays touching Napoleon and the recent celebration of the centenary, I was astonished to find how insular, and even ignorant, our national tradition still is on the subject. So far as moral atmosphere is concerned, nothing seems to have changed. Bonaparte is still Boney. Nobody denies his genius now; but nobody denied it then. Even those whose very natural emotions at the moment made them insist that he was a great tyrant, a great murderer, a great monster, did not dispute that he was a great man. But what he was doing, what he was driving at, why he was what he was, and what the whole terrific business was all about, none of us seems to have had any notion then, and none of us seems to have any notion now. What is wanted is not glorification of Napoleon, still less glorification of him as a demi-god, which is even worse than denunciation of him as a demon. What is wanted is a calm and candid consideration

of him as a historical human being, and of the things he stood for, which were much more important than himself. This is the one thing that nobody will do for Napoleon; and the trick by which his reasonable fame still suffers is simple enough. The trick consists of first artificially attiring him in all the terrors of a superman, and on that ground denying him the rights of a man. Somebody said the devil was a gentleman; and somebody else said that Napoleon was not a gentleman. The trick consists in expressing surprise that he was not a gentleman, when we have settled to our own satisfaction that he was the devil. But if we need sanity touching Napoleon in his personal aspect, we need it much more in his public aspect. For the things for which Napoleon really fought were the very contrary of those cloudy and fatalistic things with which his legends have been

FAR AND NEAR: THE U.S. AMBASSADOR; POLAND; IRISH INCIDENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, RUSSELL, AND L.N.A.



THE NEW U.S. AMBASSADOR'S ARRIVAL: MR. HARVEY ON BOARD THE "AQUITANIA."



THE "D'ANNUNZIO" OF POLAND: M. KORFANTY (CENTRE), LEADER OF THE REVOLT IN UPPER SILESIA.



DENOUNCER OF "THE WORLD CONSPIRACY": THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.



KORFANTY'S IRREGULARS IN UPPER SILESIA: AN AMMUNITION PARTY, TYPICAL OF THE FORCES OF THE POLISH INSURRECTION IN THAT COUNTRY.



THE SITUATION IN UPPER SILESIA WHICH PROMPTED MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S SPEECH: KORFANTY'S MEN PREPARED FOR A STREET ATTACK.



IRISH ELECTIONS: A D.M.P. INSPECTOR READING LISTS AT THE COURT HOUSE, DUBLIN.



A "ROUND-UP" BY THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY: SUSPECTED MEN BEING INTERROGATED IN A QUARRY IN THE WICKLOW HILLS.



IRISH ELECTIONS: (L. TO R.) FATHER LYNCH, MISS O'CONNELL, AND MRS. GIFFORD WILSON.

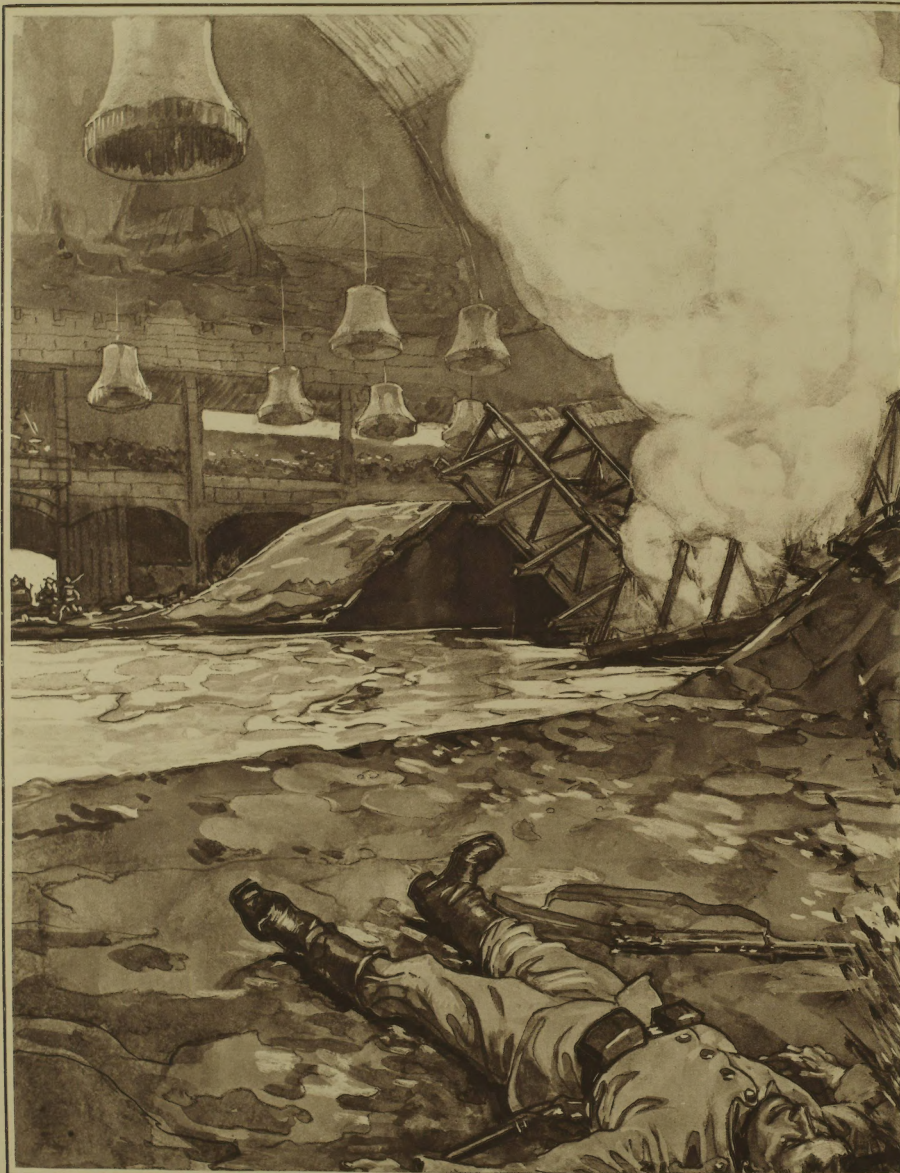
The new United States Ambassador, the Hon. George Harvey, who recently arrived in the "Aquitania," was received by the King at Buckingham Palace on May 12, when he presented his Letter of Credence. Mr. Harvey, who is well known and popular in this country, is heartily welcome here, and gives every promise of maintaining the high traditions of his office. Like many of his predecessors, he has had literary associations.—The Duke of Northumberland made a strong speech at a meeting at the House of Commons recently against the international Communistic movement, whose chief aim, he said, is the

destruction of the British Empire. In particular, he denounced the policy of the Miners' Federation.—Mr. Lloyd George's recent speech on Poland and Upper Silesia caused disquiet in France, and it was expected that the Allied Premiers would shortly meet again, at Boulogne or Lympe, to discuss the question. The Poles in Upper Silesia, it may be recalled, revolted under the leadership of M. Korfanty, the dismissed member of the Plebiscite Commission. M. Briand, the French Premier, has expressed strong opposition to any suggestion of Germany's being allowed to use troops to restore order.

OLYMPIA RE-ECHOES THE WAR-THUNDERS OF 1914: BLOWING UP A BRIDGE IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



THE ROYAL ENGINEERS FIGHT THEIR BATTLES OVER AGAIN: DESTROYING
AN EPISODE IN THE ROYAL

It was arranged to open the Royal Tournament at Olympia on May 19. One of the most striking and realistic episodes is a representation, by the Royal Engineers, of an incident that took place during the retreat of 1914—in the early stages of the war—the destruction of a bridge over a canal near Soissons. The enemy attacked before the work was completed, and the Engineers laid their charge under protection from the infantry guarding the crossing. The demolition was successfully carried out. When the



A CANAL BRIDGE NEAR SOISSONS DURING THE RETREAT OF 1914—
TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA.

British rear-guard troops had retired over the bridge, it was blown up just as the enemy were attempting to rush it, and our barrage fell among the German troops. In the illustration, a British shell is seen bursting in the foreground among the enemy. On the extreme left in the background is seen the rear-guard of the British force retiring after the destruction of the bridge.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

POLO AS A CROWD-COMPELLING GAME: HURLINGHAM RIVALS LORD'S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., AND L.N.A.



USING THE NEW STANDS AT HURLINGHAM FOR THE FIRST TIME: PART OF THE GREAT CROWD OF SPECTATORS ON WHIT MONDAY.



SUBSTITUTE FOR LORD ROCKSAVAGE AFTER HIS INJURY: MR. TRAILL (CENTRE) OVERTAKING MR. HITCHCOCK.



RIDING WITH A SHEEPSKIN SADDLE-CLOTH: MR. J. A. E. TRAILL (ON THE RIGHT) TAKING THE BALL FROM MR. C. C. RUMSEY.



THE HURLINGHAM TEAM: (L. TO R.) MR. BUCKMASTER, MAJOR BARRETT, MR. TRAILL, AND THE DUKE OF PENARANDA.



A NOVEL METHOD OF CHANGING PONIES: THE DUKE OF PENARANDA TRANSFERRING FROM ONE TO ANOTHER WITHOUT ALIGHTING.



BEFORE THE START OF THE MATCH (AGAINST THE AMERICANS, IN WHICH HE BROKE HIS COLLAR-BONE: LORD ROCKSAVAGE.

Hitherto, watching polo has been an amusement for the few, comparatively speaking, but the great crowd at Hurlingham on Whit Monday, when the new stands were used for the first time, indicates that the game bids fair to rival cricket and football in its capacity to draw the multitude. The event of the day was the defeat of the American International team by a Hurlingham team, by 3 goals to 2. The result was considered significant, as Hurlingham had been beaten by the English team by 6 to 4 on the previous Saturday. An unfortunate

accident took place in the second period (or chukker), when Lord Rocksavage collided with Mr. Milburn and, falling heavily, broke his collar-bone. He pluckily played out the period, but was unable to continue, and his place was taken by Mr. Traill. The teams were as follows: America—Mr. C. C. Rumsey, No. 1; Mr. T. Hitchcock, No. 2; Mr. J. Watson Webb, No. 3; Mr. D. Milburn, back. Hurlingham—the Duke of Penaranda, No. 1; Major F. W. Barrett, No. 2; Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, No. 3; Lord Rocksavage, back (replaced by Mr. Traill).

OUR BUSY PRINCE: HIS JAPANESE GUEST; AND MANY VISITS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND SPEIGHT.



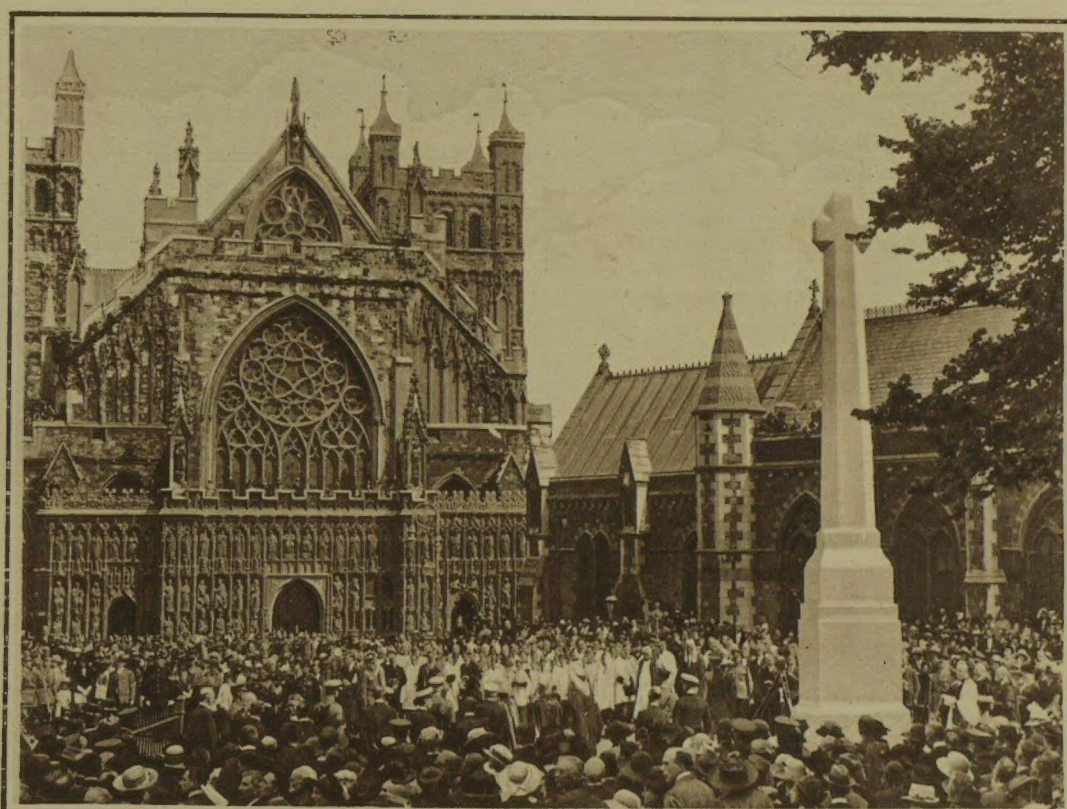
THE PRINCE OF WALES AT SANDHURST: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS TAKING THE SALUTE AS THE COMPANIES OF CADETS MARCHED PAST.



HIS FIRST VISIT TO CHRIST'S HOSPITAL AS ITS PRESIDENT: THE PRINCE OF WALES WATCHING A MARCH-PAST OF THE "BLUE-COAT" BOYS.



A SYMBOLIC GIFT TO THE PRINCE FOR A CORNISH MANOR: "DOROTHY"—ONE OF A PAIR OF GREYHOUNDS.



IN HONOUR OF DEVON'S 11,600 DEAD: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT EXETER, STANDING BEFORE THE MEMORIAL CROSS WHICH HE HAD JUST UNVEILED ON ST. MARY MAJOR'S GREEN.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT EXETER: H.R.H. (IN CENTRE) ON HIS WAY TO THE CATHEDRAL AFTER RECEIVING AN ADDRESS AT THE GUILDHALL.

The Prince of Wales is indefatigable in the keeping of his multifarious engagements. On May 11 he gave a dinner at St. James's Palace in honour of the Crown Prince of Japan.—On the 12th he visited Christ's Hospital at Horsham, of which he is President, and lunched with the boys. With the Headmaster (Mr. W. Hamilton Fyfe), he watched a march-past of the school to the dining-hall.—On the 13th he dined with the Crown Prince of Japan at the Japanese Embassy.—On the 14th the Prince of Wales visited Sandhurst, where he



ENTERTAINING THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE GUEST: (L. TO R.) THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN, THE PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE KAN'IN, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

inspected the addition made to the old chapel as a memorial to 4000 cadets who fell in the war.—On the 16th he began his tour in the West Country, as Duke of Cornwall, with a visit to Exeter, where he unveiled the war memorial in honour of 11,600 fallen Devonians. It was arranged that at Launceston, on May 25, instead of an address, various gifts symbolic of service should be made to the Prince, including two greyhounds presented by Sir Hugh St. Aubyn for the manor of Elerkey (Veryan).

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE time has gone by when, in general, collectors were considered to be fairly harmless people, extravagant in their hobbies, and dense in regard to accepting advice from common-sense outsiders. But the dispersal of what must have seemed, to the uninitiate, dry-as-dust autograph letters, old-world books which nobody can have read, seemingly, as these are the only copies extant, and of early illuminated manuscripts, such as the Yates Thompson collection—with its hundred items, of which fifty-eight already sold have brought £130,325, and by the time the whole collection is sold will realise a quarter of a million pounds—staggeres the business man who regards Art as he regards the Turf—as a non-descript plane where luxurious idlers can, if they wish, fritter away capital.

As to pictures, the statistics of the sale-room out rival those of Cophall Court in some of the startling jumps under the hammer. There is the history of the two Franz Hals pictures sold almost simultaneously at public auction, the canvas at Sotheby's and the small panel at Christie's, which together brought £15,000, bought back by the Dutch. It is incredible to think that the Sotheby Hals was bought in 1884 by Sir Russell Bailey for something under five guineas.

In restless times, in changing markets, with the flotsam and jetsam of Continental art floating into the London sale-rooms, the collector is wise in his generation in again coming in "on the ground floor," as the stockbroker tersely puts it, when he is on a good thing.

The promise of May in the sale-rooms has not been unduly disappointing in a sensitive market. The remaining sales offer fine things. Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, on the 11th, sold modern pictures and water-colour drawings, the properties of Clare, Countess Cowley, the late Mr. H. S. Sutton, of Neath, and others. A small water-colour drawing of Ely Cathedral, signed by Girtin, only 4½ by 7 in., was worthy of the name. Among the older masters, a De Loutherbourg, a classical landscape, with waterfall and figures in the foreground, was decorative. It represented the acme of the classical vogue—the ruined temple and the brown tree which Turner inherited and killed when he visited Italy and found its landscape as gloriously realistic as the London sunsets in a mist. But London, with her fogs, made Turner the poet, and Italy widened his outlook. "A Madonna and Child," by J. Van Cleeve, sold for £283. The Cleeves, or Cleefs, were an artistic family. Joost Van Cleef has his portraits at Berlin, his own portrait in Lord Spencer's collection at Althorp, and the artist with his wife at Windsor. These are all of middle sixteenth century. Jan Van Cleef, a century later, followed De Craeyer, and approached the colouring of Vandyck. A signed Louis Verboeckhoven, a seascape representing Dutch fishing-boats, was an interesting canvas. "A Hilly Landscape," by J. Linnell, depicting a passing storm, with a herdsman in smock driving cattle, brought the English school into competition. John Linnell has never really come into his own in landscape, although his "Noonday Rest" hangs in the Tate Gallery. One forgets that he engraved in mezzotint after Varley and Collins. Linnell died in 1882. He has his "Woodcutters," and "The Windmill" in the National Gallery, London. This establishes his fame. In the sale-rooms there is competitive cosmopolitan art, backwards and forwards; it is pell-mell, "here and there a lusty trout, and here and there a grayling." Chronological order is nothing around the baize tables. It is simply the present monetary value of art, without prejudice and without advertisement. It is just the exact stroke of the pendulum as to outside demands. If the public, or the art critic, or anybody

else clamours for certain works, the auction-room reflects such clamour. But, as a rule, it is sober and adamant, unless reputations are marketable. In the same sale a J. Van de Bosch, signed 1786, landscape with herdsmen and cattle at a stream, came up in competition with a De Loutherbourg, more pastoral than ordinary, with cottage, and cattle watering at a stream. It is here, where cosmopolitan points of view meet in the auction-room, that collectors grow wise in selection. Here, too,

came Richard Wilson, with his "Woody Landscape," with figures resting by a stream, to compare with foreign rivals.

Perhaps if the Royal Academy admitted foreign contemporary pictures, the public would learn to value contemporary art. In the sale-rooms there are no rules excluding foreign competitors. Hence Christie's, Sotheby's, and the rest are emporiums where the laurel wreath is placed on unrequited genius. The ivory hammer is a severe test to modern reputations, but in the end great work is recognised.

On the 13th, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson sold engravings and etchings formerly in the collection of Sir A. Wollaston Franks, and some choice sporting aquatints. A portfolio of early title-pages, some by W. Hollar, and a collection of Tradesmen's Cards, were alluring. In mezzo-tint, there was Constable's "English Landscape," twenty-two plates by David Lucas, open letter proofs. Four aquatints in colours of London markets, by M. Dubourg after J. Pollard, were desirable. Ward's "Thoughts on Matrimony," after J. R. Smith, in colours, and a set in colours, "Shooting," by Sutherland, after Westenholme, in aquatint, which were rare, obtained a fair price. Perhaps collectors were too niggardly in regard to a set of Rowlandson's drawings, "Plymouth," "Greenwich," etc., and Blake's drawings, including illustrations to "Rowley's Poems," deserved a better price. An eight-day sale, commencing on May 25, by Messrs. Sotheby, of the library of Sir John Arthur Brooke, Bt., of Huddersfield, offers four Shakespeare folios, and many rare works on English poetry and literature. The portions embracing Erasmus, Milton, and Sir Thomas More are noticeable, and certain details of Mary Queen of Scots, Henry Prince of Wales, the elder brother of Charles I., and of Charles I. and the Stuarts in general, are noteworthy. "The Alphabet of Mary, Duchess of Burgundy," a series of finely executed drawings of the letters A to Z in pen and ink, are of Gothic design, with figures of men and women and animals introduced. Of fifteenth-century work, presumably by the hand of the Duchess of Burgundy, these drawings form the first letter of a sentence in old French, in the same manner as our modern children's books—"A was an Archer," etc. With its contemporary binding, this forms an alluring item. Of comparatively modern volumes, Orme's "Collection of British Field Sports, 1807-8," with its coloured plates, offers a desirable acquisition. It is a rare sporting volume.

The Amherst collection of Egyptian gods and Oriental antiquities occupies five days in a sale at Messrs. Sotheby's, commencing on June 13. Egyptologists are agog at the dispersal. Museum authorities look askance at their thin purse. American bidders are to the forefront. This collection has been gathered together, almost without price, by the late Lord Amherst and his daughter, the late Lady William Cecil. It is not the collection of a tyro, for in 1861 Lord Amherst (then Mr. W. A. Tyssen Amherst) bought the collection of the Rev. W. Leider, of Cairo, of two hundred specimens. Since that date he and his daughter have carried out extensive excavations. The Amherst collection is therefore noteworthy. Of Swababti figures there is an example only 9 in. high, but exceptionally fine, as representing the New Empire Theban art. Among a wealth of rarities is a fine model of a funerary boat, Thothmes II., in wood, painted, with flying goose for figure-head. Here is a collection which, by reason of its enthusiastic and wealthy owners, has absorbed others, and stands pre-eminent as a landmark in the auction-room.



FROM A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FLEMISH MANUSCRIPT: DRAWINGS OF SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS IN THE "SPECULUM HUMANÆ SALVATIONIS."

The "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis" is a fourteenth-century Flemish manuscript, on vellum, in Gothic characters, with 170 drawings of Scriptural subjects, two on each page above the text. The manuscript will be included in the forthcoming sale of the late Sir John Brooke's library at Sotheby's. It is among the lots to be sold on the seventh day of the sale, June 2.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.



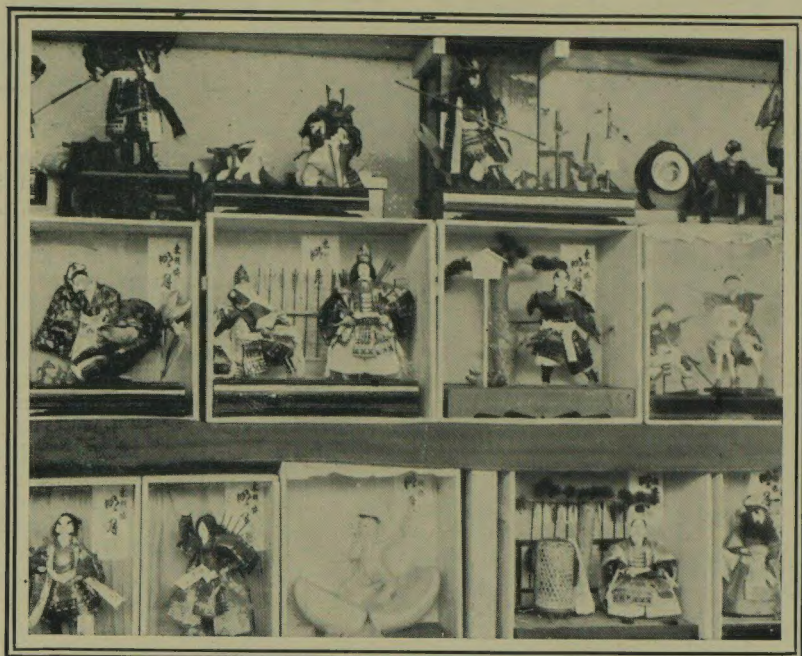
BELIEVED TO BE DRAWN BY MARY, DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY (1460): THE LETTER "N" IN A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ALPHABET; WITH AUTOGRAPH (BELOW) FROM ANOTHER PAGE.

The Alphabet of Mary, Duchess of Burgundy, a set of twenty-four drawings of decorative Gothic letters believed to be by her hand, will be offered on the first day of the sale at Sotheby's (from May 25 to June 3) of the library of the late Sir J. A. Brooke, Bt. The above letter forms the initial of "Nunc Dimittis." The others similarly begin a sentence or proverb in French. The autograph below: "A Dame Marie de Bourgogne, 1460," is written under the letter "Z."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S LITTLE COMPATRIOTS: YOUNG JAPAN AT SCHOOL.

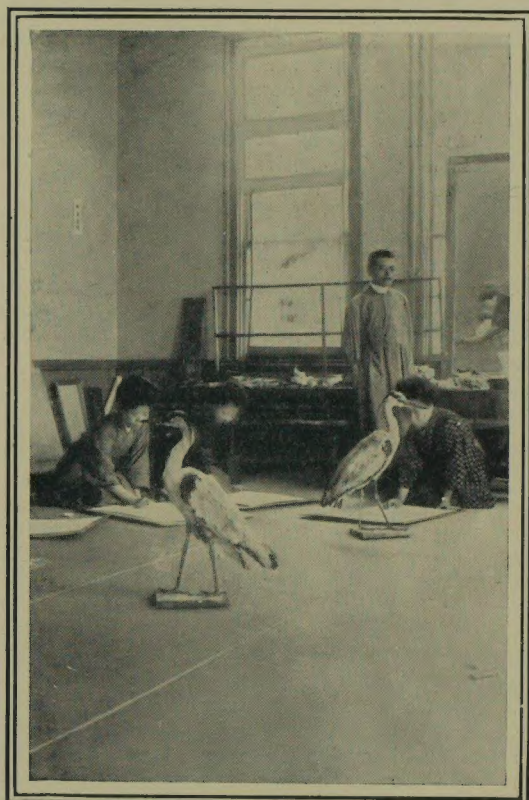
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRESS PORTRAIT BUREAU.



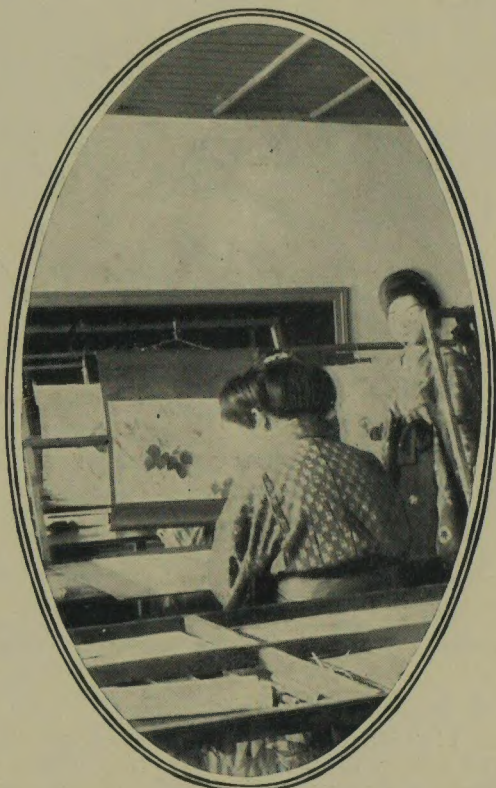
EDUCATION THROUGH THE EYE: FIGURES IN COSTUME USED AS PART OF THE EQUIPMENT OF A JAPANESE SCHOOL.



THE CATERING SIDE OF JAPANESE SCHOOL LIFE: THE DINING-ROOM OF A GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL IN TOKYO.



COMBINING ART WITH NATURAL HISTORY: GIRLS AT A FINE ART SCHOOL IN TOKYO DRAWING BIRDS.



HOW JAPAN CULTIVATES ARTISTIC TASTE: A FINE ART SCHOOL AT TOKYO—STUDIES OF FLOWERS.



REALISM IN THE LIFE CLASS: A MALE MODEL IN A CLASS FOR GIRLS AT A TOKYO ART SCHOOL.



CHAIRS AND BENCHES NOT REQUIRED: GIRLS AT A HIGH SCHOOL IN TOKYO SITTING ON THE FLOOR AT A LOW TABLE.



PLEASANT CONDITIONS FOR THE YOUNGER PUPILS: LITTLE GIRLS IN A TOKYO HIGH SCHOOL AT A LOW TABLE BY AN OPEN WINDOW.

The visit of the Crown Prince of Japan to this country has stimulated interest in everything connected with the island empire of the East. In a country which has made such enormous strides in progress during the last half-century, the subject of education must be of paramount importance. The above photographs afford glimpses into the class-rooms of a Girls' High School and the Fine Art School in Tokyo, and, in comparing them with those of our own land, points

both of resemblance and of difference at once suggest themselves. There is a general air of brightness, artistic taste, and airy spaciousness. It will be noted that, in the High School, instead of desks or benches, the girls sit on the floor at low tables. "The educational system," says Mr. E. Bruce Mitford in his book, "Japan's Inheritance," "comprises the three orthodox grades, elementary, middle, and higher, the commencing age in each case being 6, 12, and 17."



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

MY great-grandfather, the renowned Dr. Leonard Davids of Rotterdam—friend of Jenner, along with whom he successfully fought the battle for vaccination against small-pox—was, before Leipzig and Waterloo, Napoleon's physician in the Netherlands, and many were the tales which I heard from my grandfather, Dr. Thomas Davids, the "English doctor of Amsterdam." In those days, Talma, the great French actor, was Napoleon's constant companion; he dragged him along in the car of victory, and coerced the good people of Saxony to listen to the heavy guns of ponderous plays in verse of which Julius Cæsar was the hero. For Napoleon I., like his nephew Napoleon III., who wrote the great Roman's life, doted on Cæsar; he pursued the cult to the degree of achieving personal likeness, and countless were the jests of cartoonists and rhymesters at the expense of the Cæsarian forelock. Talma, as everybody knows, was the son of a dentist, and record hath it that when the father practised in London, the son, the tragedian of the future, learned the gentle art of pulling teeth. Napoleon always remembered this; and at the beginning of their friendship, when Talma had scored in a play by "Pixérécourt"—a Cæsar play, of course—the Emperor went up to him, embraced him, and quoted the famous classic saying, "Quel homme, quel dentiste—pardon, artiste!" Talma frowned, and the Emperor, feeling his gaffe at the wrong moment, exclaimed, "Papperlapappe!" and detached the Legion of Honour from his breast, pinning it on Talma's. Henceforth these two became fast friends, and Napoleon took lessons from the actor in deportment and elocution, for Napoleon was conscious of his angularity and his raucous Corsican voice, and he envied the actor his regal demeanour. One day Talma, putting him through his paces, said somewhat petulantly to him: "Your Majesty is very clumsy to-day." And Napoleon, whom everybody except a grenadier approached in fear and trembling, simply replied: "You are forgetting yourself, but then, even an Emperor must grin and bear it when the 'forceps' come near him." And he did his best to do exactly what Talma wanted.

Another interesting detail anent Napoleon was handed down by my grandsire. Soon after Napoleon's death, the leading actor of Holland, Jelgerhuis, appeared in a tragedy of which the Petit Caporal was the hero. The scene was laid in the early days of the New Empire. Jelgerhuis portrayed him as a grand figure without a smile—the best he allowed the hero to curve his lip in that perceptive manner which ever since has become the sole attribute of humour in Napoleon-characterisations on the stage. Even Guitry, Bouwmeester, and Irving never permitted Napoleon to smile like an ordinary human being. But Dr. Davids knew better. He went on the stage (for he was also physician to the National Theatre) and said: "My dear J., capital, capital; but for God's sake smile!—the great Napoleon had a sense of humour and the smile of a child. Don't you know that it was that smile of his which captivated Marie Louise when she saw his picture, and prompted her to defy her father, the Emperor Joseph, when he opposed the match of the Hapsburg daughter to the upstart from Corsica? 'Il a le beau sourire,' said she, 'et je l'accepte.'" Jelgerhuis after that cultivated that "beautiful smile"; but, as he himself was a very stern personage, accustomed to heroic verse, classic poses, and lionising by all around him, the Dutch nicknamed him "Napoleon with the vinegary smile"—textually, "Napoleon who smiles as if he were sipping vinegar." But the tradition

survives, and the world is still waiting for a stage Napoleon who does not grin, nor wear a forelock, nor clap his hand at all times in the lapel of his coat.

When Mr. Keble Howard avoids being sanctimonious, as in the absurd scene of the second



A WIFE WITH A GUILTY SECRET: MISS EVA MOORE AS LADY MARLOW, AND MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS SIR PHILIP MARLOW, IN "A MATTER OF FACT," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Lady Marlow has refused her husband's request that she should call on a divorced woman, although, as it turns out, she has a blot on her own past. Under pressure of blackmail, she confesses to Sir Philip, who, unknown to her, has already discovered her secret.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

act of "Sweet William," he is most amusing. The author of that parochial little classic of suburban humour, "The Smiths of Surbiton," has an observation of a peculiar kind, and a way

of expressing his "vistas" of life which is irresistible. You cannot quite describe his humour; it is not exactly coruscating, nor is it germane to epigrams and play on and with words. It is just cosy, with a merry twinkle of mockery at middle-class people and ideas in the corner of the eye. So "Sweet William" is a delightful play, delightfully acted by that fine comedian, George Tully, who ran to fame in "General Post," and pleased every good Englishman by his grit, power, and restraint, and every woman because he is at once so male, so well-mannered, and so natural. I wish I could burn the same incense before Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, who, for some reason, ever since her début has been the spoilt child of some critics, who can do no wrong. There is a great deal of talent in Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, but I fear it is not always rightly applied. I know at least one play which for me was spoilt by Miss Nesbitt. That was "The Romantic Age," when she succeeded Miss Barbara Hoffe—who was all fairytale and charm—and portrayed the girl on the lines of the enigmatic young lady of "A Grain of Mustard Seed." Miss Nesbitt, apart from the fact that she has yet to learn to stand and move unforcedly, cultivates a smile à la Baudelaire (she may have never heard of him) which pleases the high-brows, and irritates the normal mind; she displays, in a simple little character like the girl in "Sweet William," a certain preciousness—which again captivates her admirers, but seems to jar when wedded to a very simple, human text. To put it all in a nutshell, Miss Nesbitt must neither play Shakespeare (oh! her Jessica!) nor light little plays of our even-minded middle-class as if they were fraught with deep meanings, problem plays with a vengeance and veiled in mysticism. Let her be her own young, girlish self, and she will disarm criticism, which in these days too often is mere "adjectives and lather."

Michael Orme is putting the finishing touch to her adaptation of "Femina," the Dutch comedy by Doctores van Rossum and Soesman, which, after a phenomenal run in Holland, had the distinction of being accepted by the leading theatres of the principal Continental countries, and rejected by at least ten managers and stars in London. So it will be a case of "wait and see," when Miss Gwladys Morris presents it at a matinée on behalf of a charity to be selected by Dame Lloyd George. English by birth, Miss Gwladys Morris, after much excellent work at home, made her name in America, at the Little Theatre of Boston, where she created most of G.B.S.'s heroines. Shaw thinks highly of her work, and as Femina (three characters—three acts!) will fit her like the proverbial glove, the dramatic world is full of expectation.

Grandly Mrs. Virginia Compton, the wife of the unforgettable Edward, and the mother of a famous race, upholds the standard of her husband's heritage. Her Repertory Theatre at Nottingham has become a permanent institution, and when Shakespeare's birthday drew nigh, she would not allow London and Stratford to have it all their own way in the homage to the National Bard. Her Shakespeare Festival lasted no less than six weeks—six weeks! Oh! London!—and with stupendous effort her company performed "Romeo," "The Merry Wives," "Measure for Measure," "Much Ado," "Othello," and "Twelfth Night," to rousing cheers of full houses, and pæans of praise in the Press. It is a mighty effort that may well prompt the West End of London to pause and reflect.



AN ETHEL M. DELL MELODRAMA AT THE GLOBE: MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS LADY CARFAX, MR. E. A. WALKER AS DIMSDALE, THE BUTLER, AND MR. TOWNSEND WHITLING AS THE DRUNKEN HUSBAND, SIR GILES CARFAX, IN "THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS."

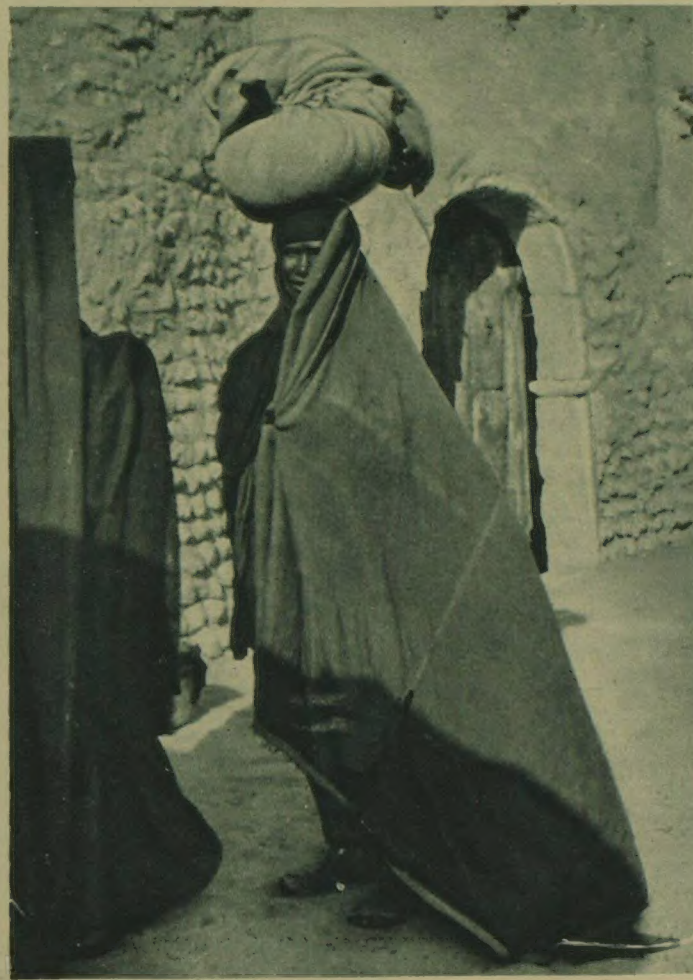
Sir Giles Carfax, who has taken to drink, beats his wife, and goes mad. He is seen (in hunting dress) struggling with the butler and two men-servants. Later he is removed to a nursing-home, and dies. Meanwhile, his wife has two lovers, and the rest of the plot turns on these entanglements.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

MRS. FORBES IN THE LIBYAN DESERT: PALM HOUSES; WASHING; MEALS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY ROSITA FORBES.



THE PALM HOUSE IN WHICH ROSITA FORBES WAS LODGED AT BUSEIMA



HOW THE WASHING CAME BACK AT JALO: AN INCIDENT AT A TOWN ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT.



OBSERVING THE CONVENTION OF THE INEQUALITY BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN: MRS. FORBES (IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND) STANDING APART WHILE MEN OF HER CARAVAN TOOK THEIR MEAL DURING THE DESERT JOURNEY.

The remarkable journey of Mrs. Rosita Forbes through the Libyan desert to Kufara, the home of the Senussi, and thence by a new route to Egypt, is of extraordinary interest, and entitles her to an honourable place among British explorers. She was the first white woman, and the second European, to reach Kufara; during her travels she was frequently in danger from hostile tribes, starvation and thirst; and she obtained valuable information on the geography of the country, its political condition and commercial possibilities. Her photographs

on this and the following pages afford picturesque glimpses of desert life. Of the places illustrated above she writes: "The Kaikaman at Jalo received us enthusiastically, and slaughtered a sheep in our honour. The whole town came out to greet us. At Jalo we were on the edge of the Cyrenaican plateau, over 200 miles from Benghazi (the starting-point) and with the Libyan desert stretching before us. . . . The palm groves (at Buseima), which extend for about eight miles, are famous for the best dates in Libya."



"The Interrogation Mark of the Sahara": KUFARA.

By ROSITA FORBES.*



AN ancient Tuareg legend tells of a mysterious white race, fair-haired and blue-eyed, whose women live unveiled with their men, dwelling in the centre of the Sahara. French, Italian, and British penetration has left so little of the great desert unexplored that fable has connected the unknown oases of Kufara with the birthplace of this imaginary race. Thus a touch of mystery has been added to the charm of the far-off towns, whose names were whispered by travelling merchant and sheikh.

To the geographer, Kufara offered the enigma of her lakes and mountains in the midst of many hundred miles of unbroken sands. The historian was interested in the traces of the ancient Tebu sultanate, which existed in Taiserbo two hundred years ago. The politician might well speculate on the extent of Senussi influence throughout North Africa, and consequently on the possible importance of the confraternity's headquarters at Kufara. To the adventurous there was the joy of discovering a new route, and almost a new people. Thus, ever since the days when Henri Duveyrier crystallised into print the widespread fear of the mystic confraternity, whose doctrine then spread from Nigeria to the Hedjaz, from Morocco to the Comalis, Kufara has been the interrogation mark of the Sahara.

In 1879 a notable German explorer, Gerhard Rohlfs, took an expedition across the Libyan deserts. He had won fame in many hazardous journeys through hitherto unexplored districts of North Africa, and he deserves much for his exploit among the Zouias. Having crossed two hundred and fifty miles of waterless desert in a little over four days in August, when the heat must have been intolerable, he passed through Taiserbo and Buseima to the eastern end of the Kufara Valley. Here, unfortunately for science, he was betrayed by a treacherous sheikh, most of his instruments and notes were lost in the attack which destroyed his camp, and, after several weeks' imprisonment among the hostile Zouias, he was obliged to return to the coast. Nevertheless, the gallant Teuton brought back enough

geographical information to stir the interest of every Saharan traveller.

Kufara, then known as Tarraz, was the original home of the Tebus, who came from Tibesti—a primitive negroid race clothed in sheepskin, fighting with flint-headed arrows, eating a paste made of locusts and wild dates. Ruins of their houses are still dotted over the salt marshes bordering the Kufara lakes. These

Kufara became the centre of brigandage in the Sahara, and the Bedouins still tell stories of wanton murder and sudden attacks emanating from the Zouia stronghold. Meanwhile, a greater force was growing in the north, for the Algerian Sidi Ben Ali es Senussi, after years of vagrant preaching, had founded the ascetic religious confraternity destined to play so large a part in the history of the penetration of Africa. The super-

stitious Zouias went to the new Holy Man at Jarabub to ask him to lift a curse placed on them for the massacre of a wealthy Sherif travelling through Kufara from Wadai, and were so impressed by his wisdom that they finally offered him the allegiance of their tribe. This entailed a grant of land in Kufara, and from that day (1856) the power of the Senussi has been firmly established in this remote group of Libyan oases.

Kufara is the centre of the Saharan trade world—the spider at the heart of the web. All the caravans of the Eastern desert must stop to get water in the valley. North to Cyrenaica, east to Egypt, west to the Fezzan, south to Darfur and Wadai, the old trade routes used to go and every passing merchant paid a tithe to the ruler of Kufara. The founder of the Senussi confraternity died three years after his order had acquired this new territory, but his son, Sidi Mohamed el Mahdi, fully realised the strategic possibilities of the desert oases, and the link they provided with the negroid races of the south. He therefore moved his headquarters from Jarabub to Kufara and in a few years he transformed the valley from a wilderness of wild palms and woven huts into the self-supporting, self-sufficient centre of civilisation which it is to-day. Unfortunately, however, following his lifelong policy of avoiding all

open contact with European Powers, he chose to isolate himself in the most rigid seclusion, accessible only to the brothers (Ekhwani) of his order, whose number was rapidly increasing. The naturally suspicious and distrustful character of the Zouias lent itself to this enforced reserve, and a fanatical hatred of the stranger, be he Christian or Moslem, became an inherent part of their religion.

[Continued on Page 680.]



1. BEFORE CHANGING TO ARAB DRESS AND CAMEL-BACK: MRS. ROSITA FORBES ON HORSEBACK, AS SHE ARRIVED AT JEDABIA.
2. BETWEEN TWO SLAVE-GIRLS: MRS. FORBES IN THE LIBYAN DESERT.
3. A TOO SWIFT DESCENT! MRS. FORBES ALIGHTING FROM HER CAMEL WHERE A CAMP IS BEING PREPARED.

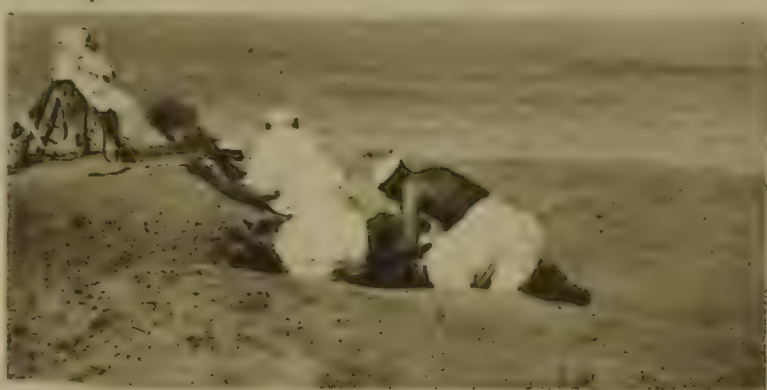
houses are like large mud ovens, round, and made with such hard mortar that the saltstone walls are polished like pottery.

Some two hundred years ago, the Tebus were conquered by the Zouias, a renowned warrior tribe, who, in their destructive easterly progress from their birthplace in the Fezzan, over-ran most of Cyrenaica and Libya. Under their rule

*The full story of the adventures of Mrs. Forbes is to be published in *Cassell's Magazine*.

WITHOUT WATER IN THE DESERT: THE PERIL OF THIRST IN LIBYA.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES.



FIGHTING ROSITA FORBES'S GREATEST ENEMY—WATER SCARCITY: THE EXPLORER'S MEN DIGGING OUT THE WELLS AT BUTTAFEL.



WHERE THE FOALING OF FOUR CAMELS CAUSED A HALT: TWO OF THE BABY CAMELS BORN DURING THE JOURNEY IN THE DESERT.



CAMELS ENJOYING A WELCOME CHANGE OF DIET FROM TORN-UP BAGGAGE-SADDLES AND STRAW MATS: THE FIRST FODDER FOUND ON THE WORST DAY OF THIRST, RELIEVED (AFTER TWO DAYS WITHOUT WATER) BY THE DISCOVERY OF AN UNCHARTED WELL, EL HARRASH.



A VISIT TO THE "DRESSMAKER" IN A DESERT BORDER TOWN: MRS. FORBES INSTRUCTING TAILORS AT JALO, FOR THE CUT OF HER TROUSERS.



WAITING FOR HER ONLY CLOTHES TO DRY: MRS. FORBES (BY TENT) WITH WASHING ON THE SAND AT BUTTAFEL WELL—A RARE EVENT.

At one period during her journey to Kufara, Mrs. Rosita Forbes and her party were in danger of dying from thirst in the desert. Leaving the border town of Jalo, they had made, first, for the wells of Buttafel, and thence there lay before them a seven-days' journey to the next well, in the oasis of Taiserbo, which was wrongly charted on the map. Their guide lost his way, and, after seven days' wandering, the water they carried with them gave out. To feed the camels they had to tear up baggage-saddles and the straw mats of the Bedouin members of the party. Mrs. Forbes then changed direction, and at length, late on the ninth day, they were lucky enough to strike an uncharted well called El Harrash.

From a hillock they could see Buseima mountain, which they reached in two days. Some of the camels dropped exhausted on the way. After leaving Buseima they passed a group of human skeletons, travellers who had apparently died of thirst not long before. At this time they were delayed by four camels foaling, and were threatened by attack from a hostile tribe. Furthermore, the guide, who went on ahead to Taj with their letters of introduction, plotted to have the whole party massacred, to prevent his failure to find Taiserbo from becoming known, but his amiable design was frustrated. Mrs. Forbes's dress included white and green narrow trousers, crimson cloak, veil, and yellow slippers.

A SALT LAKE IN THE LIBYAN DESERT: MRS. FORBES AT BUSEIMA.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES.



A WELCOME FIND AFTER THE STORE OF FUEL HAD GIVEN OUT: "OUR FIRST FIREWOOD," IN A *HATIA* NEAR EL HARRASH.



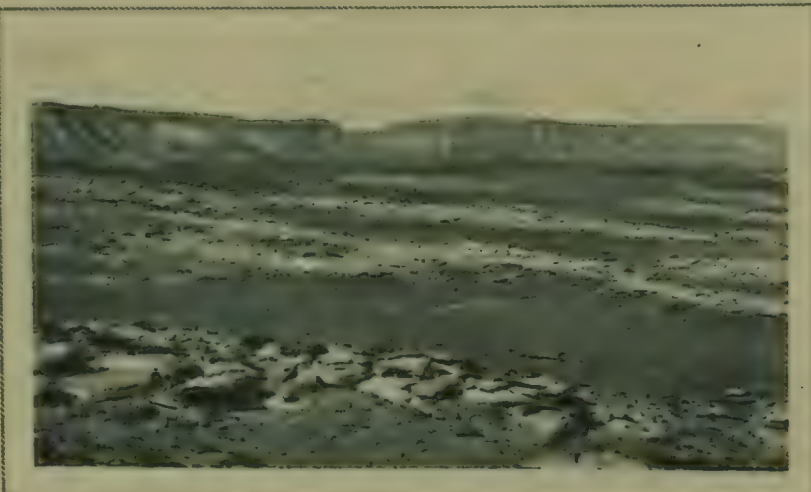
CAMELS LADEN WITH FODDER, WATER, AND A MINIMUM OF FOOD AND BAGGAGE: "THE ARRIVAL OF OUR CARAVAN."



IN THE OASIS OF BUSEIMA, WHICH MRS. FORBES WAS ALLOWED TO EXPLORE AFTER APPEASING HOSTILE NATIVES WITH A FEAST: A VIEW OF THE FIVE-MILE-LONG SALT LAKE.



WHERE MRS. FORBES'S CAMP WAS PUT IN A STATE OF DEFENCE AGAINST HOSTILE NATIVES: THE VILLAGE OF BUSEIMA.



"BOUNDED BY A MOUNTAIN CHAIN OF BLACK NUBIAN SANDSTONE MIXED WITH IRON AND MAGNESIAN": THE ENTRANCE TO BUSEIMA WADI.

When Mrs. Forbes's caravan lost the way to Taiserbo and (as described on a previous page) their water store failed, the firewood they carried also came to an end. It was therefore a welcome discovery to find, near the uncharted well of El Harrash, some dry, brittle wood that could be used as fuel. When they reached Buseima they had to stay three nights to rest. The population was hostile, and they prepared to defend their camp against attack; but after giving a feast to the natives Mrs. Forbes was allowed to explore the oasis, which is

bounded by a chain of mountains of black Nubian sandstone mixed with iron and magnesian. She found that the oasis contained a salt lake, about five miles long, and one spring of fresh water. The palm groves, already mentioned as being noted for producing the best dates in Libya, extended for about eight miles. There were two villages, and ruins of Tebu buildings, of which photographs are given on a succeeding page. A *hatia* (shown in the top left photograph) is a shallow depression containing hummocks covered with brushwood and fodder.

WHERE MRS. FORBES EXPECTED ATTACK: BUSEIMA—ITS TEBU RUINS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES.



A TYPICAL CAMPING-GROUND: AN INCIDENT OF ROSITA FORBES'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE LIBYAN DESERT.



BUILT BY THE TEBU TRIBE, THE BERBER ABORIGINES OF LIBYA: A GROUP OF RUINED HOUSES AT BUSEIMA.



"THE POPULATION WAS HOSTILE, AND AS AN ATTACK WAS THREATENED WE MADE OUR CAMP A DEFENSIVE CAMP": THE FIRST AUDIENCE AT BUSEIMA BETWEEN THE NATIVES AND THE ROSITA FORBES PARTY.



"ALSO USED AS GRAVES, THE DEAD . . . SITTING ROLLED IN SHEEPSKINS": TEBU HOUSES AT BUSEIMA.



BUILT BY A TRIBE WHO WEAR ONLY SHEEPSKINS AND EAT MIXED POWDERED DATES AND LOCUSTS: A TEBU HOUSE.

At Buseima, as previously mentioned, Mrs. Rosita Forbes and her party met at first with a hostile reception. They encountered there a lawless family known as the Fakrun, who make a practice of attacking caravans, but, says Mrs. Forbes, "our numbers overawed them." She gave a feast to the natives, and was then allowed to explore the oasis with the Sheikhs Mohamed and El Madeni. They found a number of ruined forts built by the Tebu, the original Berber inhabitants of Libya. These people wear only sheepskins (with the wool inside) and eat a

mixture of powdered dates and locusts. The men carry long spears, and the women have date-stones stuck through a hole in the nostrils. The houses are also used as graves, the dead being buried in a sitting position rolled in sheepskins. The Arab dress is very different from that of the Tebu. The Zouia wear long white "jirds," which envelop them completely, with boots of scarlet or yellow. In the lower photograph on the right, part of the salt-water lake at Buseima can be seen in the background.

KUFARA—[Continued from Page 676.]

This almost maniacal loathing of innovation in any form, together with a jealous determination to preserve their country intact and uninfluenced by European progress, has proved the greatest barrier in the path of the would-be explorer. Nature appears to be in league with the Zouias, for she has surrounded the oases with her most impenetrable defences. As the crow flies, Kufara lies some 500 miles inland from the Gulf of Syrte, and after the first 150 all traces of human habitation are left behind. Any caravan starting from Jalo, the most southerly outpost of Arab civilisation, must carry water for seven days' march, together with all necessary fodder and fuel, for it will have to travel more than 250 miles across an inconceivably barren desert devoid of stick, stone, or blade of grass. It is impossible to describe anything so featureless as the great plain which surrounds the Kufara oases. I remember our guide used to point out wholly imaginary depressions or rises as landmarks, but they were completely invisible to the European eye. When one talks of a route in the Sahara one means a direction, for there is not a mark on the flat brown waste till the mirage breaks the horizon into tantalising islands and seas. To go to any charted spot a compass is of much more use than a guide, for the latter is apt to "lose his head," just as much a disease in

Libya as influenza in London! Our guide did even worse, for, having completely lost us, so that we suffered agonies of thirst for three days till we came to an uncharted well, he planned to destroy the whole caravan in order to obliterate the memory of his mistake. Fortunately, the exceeding generosity of the Emir Idris, the present head of the Senussi (a most enlightened ruler, a friend of Italy and England and indeed of all modern progress), had provided us with two of his most trusted followers. Therefore we were able, after a series of somewhat melodramatic adventures, to defeat the machinations of our crafty guide. But let no one attempt to travel in Libya except under the direct protection of the Senussi family, and armed

with their written passport. We were provided with a most hospitable document, permitting Ahmed Bey Hassanein, my Egyptian friend, and the Lady Khadija, Moslems working for the good of Islam, to travel where they would, and requesting all Government officials and tribal sheikhs to entertain them lavishly on behalf of the Senussi Sayeds. Nevertheless, we should many times have been in difficulties had it not been for the tact and eloquence of my indefatigable companion and the loyalty of the two Ekhwan who accompanied us.

Even with all these advantages, we had the greatest difficulty in exploring the valley of Kufara, for the Zouia sheikhs could not be induced to

hands of the fanatical tribesmen and where our expedition nearly came to an abrupt end, expectation rose to breaking-point. Not till one is within a quarter of a mile of Kufara does one realise that the rough expanse of stony banks and hillocks is suddenly broken by an immense cleft, some 68 kilometres long and 30 wide, surrounded on all sides by amber cliffs. On the very edge of one of these is perched the sacred place of the Senussi, the headquarters of their religion, where is buried Sidi el Mahdi, father of the present Emir, and the most revered personality of all the confraternity, the fame of whose miracles is spread far and wide by the brethren of his order.

This sacred town of Taj is built of the black stones and red sand that surround it. No green thing grows within its precincts, and no living animal may enter them. Its narrow sandy paths are deserted, for its dignified Ekhwan are cloistered in the aloof reserve of their windowless houses. Its wells are 120 feet deep, and it depends for its whole existence on the valley below, from which armies of black slaves carry up food, fuel, and other necessities of life. In Taj is one of the most famous Senussi Zawias. In olden days these buildings were training-ground and market-place, judgment-hall and asylum, offering hospitality to the traveller and a neutral meeting-place where tribal disputes could be settled by the supreme and unbiassed authority of

the sheikh. Nowadays they are colleges, but three days most generous hospitality is still given to all wayfarers.

From the cliff on which Taj is built one looks down into a red-gold valley, dotted with metallic blue lakes, emerald of palms broken by feathery tamarisk, and silver-grey of olive and fig, with little dark-walled towns dotted here and there, looking like long, low fortresses. Survey departments will now report on Kufara as "a broad, shallow depression, where the natural underground water-supply comes to the surface," but after 500 miles of the dreariest desert in the world, the traveller will always look upon it as a magic valley and fit home for the legendary white race of the Tuareg fables!

(To be followed by other articles.)



AN INTERLUDE ON THE DUNES NEAR BUSEIMA: MRS. FORBES (CENTRE) RUNNING A RACE WITH THE GUIDE (LEFT).

believe that their adored ruler had really given permission to the hated strangers to penetrate their jealously guarded frontiers.

From the first belt of wells which breaks the monotony of the awe-inspiring southern desert, it is a day-and-a-half's journey across the dunes to Buseima, the most northerly oasis of the Kufara group. For nearly the whole way one can see its black Nubian-sandstone mountain, which borders an intensely blue lake fringed with feathery palms, the whole jewelled picture set in a wide circle of dunes, coral-coloured from the dust of the hills. Another four days' labouring in heavy sands separates Buseima from Kufara proper, and after we had passed Hawari, the outlying village where we suffered so much at the



SHOWING A HILLOCK BEHIND WHICH MRS. FORBES TOOK HER MEAL APART, ACCORDING TO CONVENTION: SULEIMAN BU MATAR'S PICNIC AT TAJ.

Owing to native conventions, Mrs. Forbes took her meal apart from the others, behind the hill seen in the centre background.

LIBYA RE-MAPPED BY ROSITA FORBES: A 1000-MILE JOURNEY.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.



ROSITA FORBES'S TRAVELS IN LIBYA: HER GREAT JOURNEY TO KUFARA AND THENCE BY A NEW ROUTE TO EGYPT—(INSET) A MAP SHOWING THE CORRECT POSITION OF JOF (UNDERLINED) AND THE WRONG POSITION BEFORE CHARTED.

The report of Mrs. Rosita Forbes's expedition made to the Egyptian Survey Department states: "The estimated total distance travelled from Jedabia to Jarabub is 1009 miles. This was covered in thirty-six days' actual marching. The most important geographical results are: (1) The principal oasis of the Kufara group . . . is found to lie considerably to the south-east of the position it has hitherto been supposed to occupy; (2) The oasis of Ribiana ('Erbehna' on existing maps) lies nearly south instead of south-west of Buseima, considerably farther east than was formerly believed; (3) A number of hitherto unknown

wells east of Taiserbo, extending in a belt nearly across the direct line between Jalo and Buseima, have been located; (4) Vegetation in the oases of the Kufara group is ascertained to be far less extensive than indicated on existing maps from the statements of Rohls. . . . A fifth result of the journey is that the practicability of a direct route from Kufara to Jarabub is proved." Mrs. Forbes is to lecture on her journey before the Royal Geographical Society on May 23. The above map gives an approximate idea of the route which she followed through the Libyan desert.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

ROYAL RIDERS IN THE ROW: THE KING AS HORSEMAN, WITH HIS DAUGHTER AND TWO OF HIS SONS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



THE KING IN ROTTEN ROW: HIS MAJESTY, WITH PRINCESS MARY. THE DUKE OF YORK (CENTRE BACKGROUND), AND PRINCE HENRY (RIGHT), IN HYDE PARK.

A photograph like this makes it easy to understand both the personal popularity of the Royal Family and the success of the British Monarchy as an institution. We are a sport-loving people devoted to all forms of healthy exercise and open-air life, and we look for a lead in these matters from those who are set over us. King George and his fine upstanding sons represent all that is best in the tradition of English outdoor pursuits; they ride, hunt, and shoot with the best, and they lose no opportunity of encouraging, by their presence and interest—at cricket and football matches, race-meetings, boxing contests, and so on—every form of sport and physical recreation. The Prince of Wales, who was also in the Row on the occasion illustrated, though he is not seen in the photograph,

is a first-rate rider, and has won laurels as a point-to-point steeple-chaser. Princess Mary, too, in the feminine sphere, sets a similar example. She also is an accomplished horsewoman, and by her association with the Girl-Guide movement, and in other ways, is a model to English girls. Small wonder, therefore, that with their personal geniality the members of the Royal House endear themselves to the heart of the nation. On the political side, too, a scene like this has its significance. The supreme head of the greatest Empire known to history rides out in a public park, like an ordinary gentleman, without the least pomp or ostentation. It is typical of the spirit of our Constitution, that perfect compromise between democracy and kingship which is the wonder of the world.

"THE NAMELESS EXHIBITION": REPRESENTATIVE BRITISH ART SUBJECTED TO THE TEST OF ANONYMITY.

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"FISHING."



"FOOTBALLERS."



"A CANAL SCENE."



"A DUTCH FAMILY."

THE introduction to the catalogue of the Nameless Exhibition says: "The organisers... had no desire to spring a mine under the reputation of the critics, whose identification of many of the artists is a foregone conclusion, nor to mystify the public, nor to start a guessing game. Their object was to confront the spectator with each picture as quickly as possible without allowing his judgment to be disturbed by all the overtures of praise or blame which the



"BEACON HILL, ELLESBOROUGH."



"THE VISIT."



"THE WATER-CARRIERS."



"KITTY."

author's name often brings with it. We all tend to be over-sensitive to the social judgment of our kind. It is terrible to suppose that we might be caught in the wrong attitude towards a book, a picture, or a theory. The present exhibition is likely to create a good deal of such social nervousness, but it also will provide an admirable opportunity for social courage. Let every one form his own honest unaided judgment without fear of the consequences." It is a piquant situation.



"THE LADY IN WHITE."



"BRETON LANDSCAPE."



"VIGANELLO."



"THE SEVRES DISH."

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?" PICTURES REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ACADEMIC, INTERMEDIATE, AND MODERNIST GROUPS, SHOWN ANONYMOUSLY AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERIES.

For more than a century, owing to the divergent creeds of different artists, and their division into independent schools and societies, it has been impossible to gather into a single exhibition representative specimens of all varieties of contemporary British painting. From 1768 to 1805 the Royal Academy was the sole exhibiting society, but in the latter year the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours came into being, and in 1806 the British Institution, both of which have their independent shows. The management of the "Burlington Magazine" recently decided to arrange a representative exhibition, including all the conflicting schools, and Messrs. Colnaghi offered the Grosvenor Galleries for the purpose. Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., Professor Henry Tonks, and Mr. Roger Fry were asked to select the pictures. They gave their services free, and neither they nor the

magazine have any financial interest in the venture. For the purpose of the exhibition they divided British artists into three groups, the Academics, the Intermediates, and the Modernists, and each chose from the school he represented what he considered the best works available. The artists responded with goodwill, and it is hoped that such an exhibition will become an annual event. In order to make the comparison of such different works as fair and unprejudiced as possible, the organisers decided further to show the pictures at first without the artists' names. It was arranged to open the Exhibition on May 20. The names will be divulged on June 16. "The less we play the guessing game," says the preface of the catalogue, "the more likely we are to derive aesthetic pleasure from the Exhibition."

WITH KNEES AND TOES TURNED IN: THE MUCH-

FROM THE DRAWING



APPROVED (WITHOUT THE *FRISSON*, OR "SHAKE") BY THE UNION OF DANCING
THE "SHIMMY" AS PERFORMED

The dancing world has been agitated of late by a controversy regarding the merits and morals of the "Shimmy-Shake," the latest addition to modern dances of exotic origin. Paris, especially, has been greatly exercised on the subject. Its detractors have condemned it as being "eccentric, shocking, decadent, and immoral," and eventually it was banned by the Dancing Academy. Another French organisation, however, the Union of Dancing Professors, decided to sanction it in a modified form, without the "frisson," or shake, which was the chief cause of objection. After carefully considering and discussing every movement, they evolved a dance, known simply as "the Shimmy," to which no objection could be taken by the most punctilious, and included it, along with the Tango, in their authorised list. It was reported that most Paris dancers agree that

DISCUSSED "SHIMMY" AS DANCED IN PARIS.

BY J. BASTÉ.



PROFESSORS IN FRANCE, BUT BANNED BY THE DANCING ACADEMY:
AT A FAMOUS PARIS RESTAURANT.

the "Shimmy" and the jazz band have had their day, but that provincial dancing masters urged that their pupils insisted on learning the "Shimmy." The particular dance here illustrated was at the Restaurant Laurent, in the Champs Elysées. It cannot be said that the turned-in knees and toes, and the crossed legs, look graceful. Of course, the character of the "Shimmy," like any other dance, depends really on the way in which it is performed. Even the valse might be danced in a style that could be considered objectionable. The artist, M. J. Basté, is a brother-in-law of M. J. Simont, whose work is so familiar to our readers, and has something of the same style. M. Basté draws for many French and Spanish papers, and has produced some sensational coloured posters.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE RE-EMERGENCE OF "MAX": A KING OF CARICATURISTS.

FROM THE EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES. (COPYRIGHTS STRICTLY RESERVED BY THE ARTIST.)



1. "SI VIEILLESSE POUVAIT": PLEASANT PROSPECTS FOR THE NEXT GREAT WAR—AN EMINENT SOLDIER BEMOANS HIS LOST YOUTH.



3. "LIFE-FORCE, WOMAN-SET-FREE, SUPERMAN, ETC.": A DEAL IN SECOND-HAND CLOTHES BETWEEN BERNARD SHAW AND GEORG BRANDES.



2. "THE MEMBER FOR GRAVESEND": EXPERT ADVICE FROM A FAMOUS NOVELIST ON THE NEEDS OF THE CONSTITUENCY.



4. "A STUDY IN TEMPTATION": A BRITISH LABOUR DELEGATE IN RUSSIA, FACE TO FACE WITH THE BOLSHEVIST SIREN.

Mr. Max Beerbohm's new exhibition at the Leicester Galleries—the first he has held for eight years—contains, besides numerous hitherto unseen cartoons and caricatures, a number of very interesting "Doubles." (See our "Books of the Day" page.) The inscriptions to the above examples are: (1) "SI VIEILLESSE POUVAIT. Scene: a Room in the War Office. Time: the Present. Eminent Scientist (explaining chemical formula): 'One ounce of this powder, dropped from an aeroplane, would destroy all human and other animal life throughout an area of 500 square miles.' Eminent Soldier (Soudan Campaign. Medal, with clasps. Despatches twice): 'Would it, though? Good gracious me, you don't say so! Marvellous! Have the other Powers got anything of the sort, d'ye think?' Eminent Scientist: 'Nothing quite so good at present, I think. But, of course—'

Eminent Soldier: 'Well, it's perfectly marvellous.' But—gad!—how one wishes one was a youngster, and sure of being in the Next Great War!'"—(2) "THE MEMBER FOR GRAVESEND. Mr. W. W. Jacobs (to Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P. for Gravesend, 1900-1918): 'It's no sort of use talking to them about the Unity and Integrity of the Empire. All they want is that you should sit down on your hat and stand rum all round.'"—(3) "LIFE-FORCE, WOMAN-SET-FREE, SUPERMAN, ETC. Georg Brandes ('Chand d'Idées): 'What'll you take for the lot?' George Bernard Shaw: 'Immortality.' Georg Brandes: 'Come, I've handled these same goods before! Coat, Mr. Schopenhauer's; waistcoat, Mr. Ibsen's; trousers, Mr. Nietzsche's—' George Bernard Shaw: 'Ah, but look at the patches!'"—(4) "A STUDY IN TEMPTATION," a British Labour Delegate in Russia.



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BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THERE has been little poetry published of late which is both new and true—much that I have read in passing lacks the sincerity without which the most cunning-wrought verse cannot outlive its fashion. But "DOMESDAY BOOK" (Eveleigh Nash; 20s. net), by Edgar Lee Masters, is a problem novel in verse which is in downright deadly earnest, and will not diminish, if it does

The myth of England's stupidity has been destroyed by what she did in the war—at any rate in America, as these lines may serve to remind us.

Quotation is the sincerest form of criticism, and it is in the making of anthologies that a critic's creative faculty best expresses itself. Palgrave's many writings are lost in the vast dust-heaps of literary circumstance, but his "Golden Treasury" will keep his memory green, being a great act of faithfulness to the genius of English lyric poetry.

"AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN VERSE" (Methuen; 6s. net), chosen by "A. M.," and having an Introduction by Robert Lynd, is, I think, a selection which has a good chance of being accepted by posterity as the indispensable "Silver Treasury." It will serve to exonerate the Georgian group from the censure of a witty (but unwise) commentator who defined them as "the week-end school of poetry." In his delightful Introduction Mr. Robert Lynd warns us against generalising as to the characteristics of modern verse. "It would be folly," he observes, "to attempt to discover a generalisation within the four corners of which Mr. Bridges, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Yeats, Mr. A. E. Housman, Flecker, Brooke, Mr. Davies, Mr. Sassoon, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Colum, and Mr. Chesterton can all be securely herded like cattle in a yard. The poets of to-day differ from one another almost as profoundly as from their predecessors." Yet there is a difference, definitely felt if indefinable in set terms, between the finest of this modern verse and that in the last section of Palgrave's selection. Such singers as Shelley and Keats (like Virgil) thought the saying was as

important as the seeing, whereas the modern makers believe the thing seen more important than the thing said. Because of this belief the poets of to-day, Mr. Lynd thinks, are in danger of losing the quality of memorableness—and he would be right, I feel, were he to say that some of

them have lost it. "SELECTIONS FROM MODERN POETS" (Martin Secker; 6s. net), made by Mr. J. C. Squire, himself high in the Georgian hierarchy, does not claim to be a complete anthology of the work of living poets, for when it was begun in 1919 an age-limit of fifty was determined on. Here and there, however, Mr. Squire scores a point against "A. M."—for example, when he includes the late Wilfred Owen's "Strange Meeting" (by far the most powerful of all the war-poems in our language) and Mr. Francis Brett Young's "Prothalamium." And both should have included, if not a few illustrative examples of the ultra-modern art of Iris Tree and Edith Sitwell and Aldous Huxley and Anna Wickham, at any rate the last-named *vers-libriste's* haunting song of the cherry-blossom wand, "a beautiful thing that will never grow wise." And how is it that Lady Margaret Sackville has been overlooked by both anthologists?

Mr. Squire's idea of an age-limit in anthology-making is certainly intriguing. If I could ever be persuaded to weave another garland of other people's verse (once I did it, and once is enough!), it would be a selection from the work of poets and poetesses under twenty-one, whereof there must be at least a hundred at Oxford and Cambridge

alone. Hitherto, Oxford, owing to the wise complaisance of Mr. Basil Blackwell, has seemed to be far more prolific than Cambridge in the production of fresh young poetry, as pleasant and comforting as warm, new milk. Now a series of little paper-covered books (each priced at one florin) is being issued by Perkin Warbeck, 9, Market Hill, Cambridge. (Will Lambert Simmel start in opposition?) The standard of achievement is so high, judging by the first six booklets published, that no anthologist can afford to neglect the new field. Let him remember, furthermore, that the late C. H. Sorley, who is represented in the two anthologies noticed above, was killed in his twenty-first year!

I had expected to see an influx of Napoleonic literature round about May 5, the centenary of the Emperor's death, yet nothing of the kind has occurred. But "BERNADOTTE AND NAPOLEON" (John Murray; 21s. net), by the Right Hon. Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton, which is the second of three volumes covering the whole career (1763-1844) of the only one of Napoleon's Marshals with a genius for governance, enables us to see the autocrat himself from a new angle in a flood of new light. At St. Helena Napoleon spoke disparagingly of Bernadotte as "the twentieth of his generals," following his ill-humoured habit of belittling all his Marshals; but the employment he gave him from time to time is sufficient proof of his great military ability, which included a remarkable gift for conducting critical campaigns independently of his Generalissimo. The manner in which a "French corporal" gained a throne, kept it, and transmitted it to his descendants is one of the romances of history—a romance, moreover, which, since the hero was a Gascon from Béarn, has been described as a chapter in the chronicle of the "Cadets of Gascony." Sir Dunbar



A NEW "ART FORM" INVENTED BY MAX BEERBOHM: "CASSANDRA," ONE OF THE ARTIST'S "DOUBLES."

Mr. Max Beerbohm's "doubles" are—to use his own phrase—"an artistic gamble," developed from the old nursery game of "skeletons." He puts on his paper dabs of various colours and then folds it over, or "doubles" it, and doubles again and again, thus producing a symmetrical effect. The result he works up into any subject that suggests itself.

From the Exhibition of Caricatures, Cartoons, and "Doubles," by Max Beerbohm, at the Leicester Galleries. See other Illustrations on a previous Page. Artist's Copyright Reserved.

not enhance, the growing reputation of the author of "The Spoon River Anthology." Some American critics look upon Mr. Masters as the successor according to preordainment of Walt Whitman, and there is no denying that the "barbaric yawp" is often heard, or at any rate overheard, in his *vers libre*, the freedom of which sometimes degenerates into literary libertinism. But his Spoon River "characters," which expose and expound the hidden tragedies and comedies of a commonplace town in the midway West of America, are so incisive in their wit and wisdom, so quietly destructive of cant and sham, that they are certain to be included among the living literary documents of which Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" and Mark Twain's Mississippi novels are the best known to readers on this side of the Atlantic. In his new book, written throughout in excellent blank verse, Mr. Masters attempts a task defined as follows—

Take any life you choose and study it;
It gladdens, troubles, changes many lives.
The life goes out, how many things result?
Fate drops a stone, and to the utmost shores
The circles spread.

So the humble life and tragic death of Elenor Murray, a girl with a genius for making her love add to the *joie-de-vivre* of others, are made the subject of a careful inquiry. There are many notable passages by the way, from which I choose this panegyric on England—

... Say what you will,
This England is the smartest thing in time,
Can never fail, be conquered while she keeps
That mind of hers, those eyes that see all things
In every corner of the house of Jack;
And with one language spoken by more souls
Than any tongue, leads minds by written words;
Writes treaties, compacts which forestall the sword
And makes it futile when it's drawn against her.



A FAMOUS FRENCH CARICATURIST AS SEEN BY A BRITISH ARTIST: MR. OSWALD BIRLEY'S PORTRAIT OF "SEM," IN THE PARIS SALON.

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Plunket Barton's work, which is based throughout on a new survey of first-hand authorities, is as readable as it is reliable, and far more interesting than any costume novel I know of. And, indirectly, it adds to our knowledge of Napoleon's career and character—illustrating, for example, his amazing mastery of detail and *flair* for the politics of every foreign land, save the mysterious island, so near and yet so far, which has always been the fatal obstacle to Continental dreams of world-conquest.

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OF all the injuries received by our men in war, few have left behind them more discomfort and incapacity for civil life than those to the limbs. Wounds in the head or trunk were always attended to on the field by preference; the diagnosis was simpler and the after-effects could generally be foreseen. With those in the limbs—and especially the legs and feet—the procedure was much more summary, and when the immediate danger from loss of blood, gangrene, and the like was arrested, they were but too frequently left to treat themselves without that concern as to the sufferer's use of the limb after convalescence which would have been shown had the injury occurred in civil life. Luckily, the bane brought with it its antidote, and the experience gained by the profession in the after-care of the wounded far from the seat of war has led to a crop of small discoveries which have brought relief to thousands.

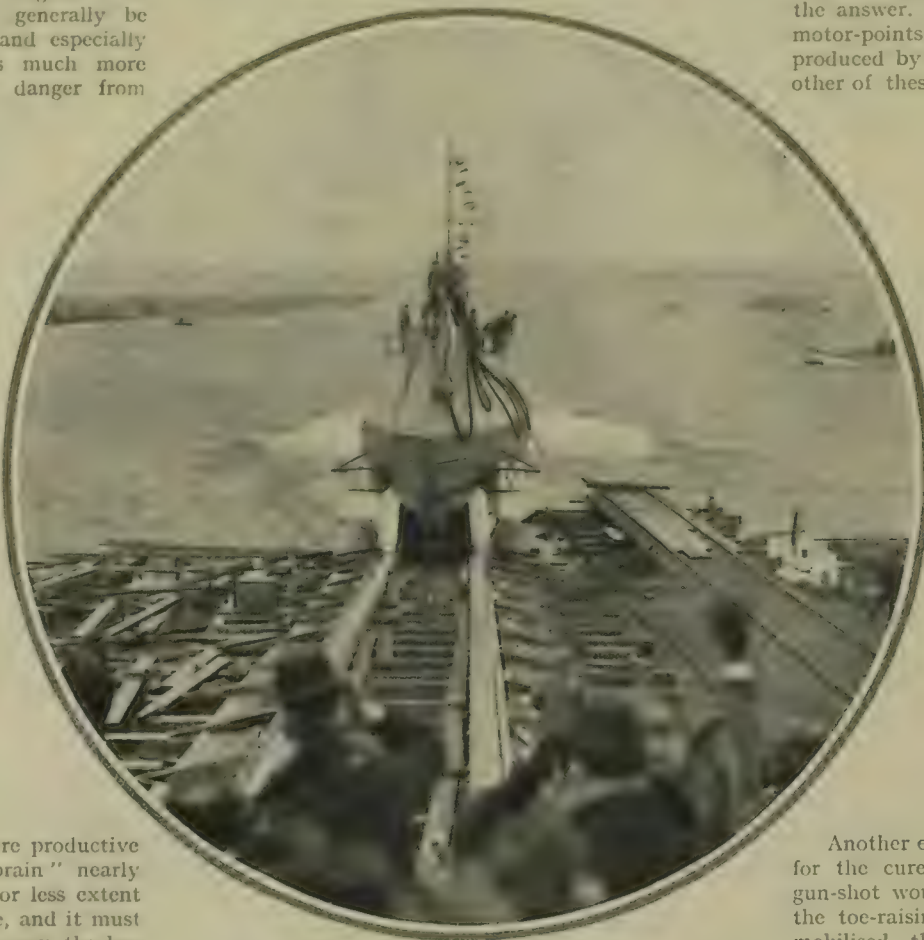
Apart from the greater surgical operations, such as resection of the bones and the re-breaking of badly-set fractures, the discoveries which have an interest for us all are those which relate to what the laity call "sprains." Nearly everyone sprains his or her ankle at some time or other, and every trainer, fencing-master, and teacher of athletics before the war had his own remedy for the injury. Tight bandaging (so as to make the movement of the limb as little as possible), violent rubbing with or without embrocation, and massage were among these, and although often successful, sometimes were productive of more harm than good. For a "sprain" nearly always means the tearing to a greater or less extent of the fibres of some ligament or muscle, and it must be plain to anyone that the torn fibres were the less likely to unite the more they were disturbed. Hence it is plain that the first thing to do is to find out which particular ligament or muscle is torn, and to take care that in all treatment this is left to unite without disturbance. Yet this needs a knowledge of anatomy seldom found in the amateur, and the use of the X-rays, which has become more general since the war, has shown that the problem was often complicated by the fracture of tiny bones, of which the very existence

was generally unsuspected by him. This difficulty, however, once overcome, the rest of the treatment was sensible enough. Nature could always be trusted to heal the torn fibres if they were left alone and with the ends in place, but, like the Greek gods, she sells us all things at a price. Hence, if the whole limb was kept motionless while the repair

was taking place, the nerves and muscles concerned in the movement of the uninjured parts of it atrophied or became weak from disuse. Rubbing with embrocation, massage and the rest all went towards giving these uninjured parts the movements they required to keep them in health; but how could they be applied without disturbing the injured ones?

Electricity, as in so many other problems, supplies the answer. Every muscle has what are now called motor-points on the skin, and a current, such as is produced by an induction coil, passed from one to the other of these produces immediate contraction of the intervening muscle. Hence, any one muscle can theoretically be picked out by any operator possessing the requisite knowledge of anatomy, and made to perform its functions to the exclusion of the others. But here comes in a practical difficulty. Although electricity as such has nothing to do with the cure, the contraction being, so to speak, mechanical, the passage of the current produces, in most cases, a certain, if slight, amount of pain; and this, in its turn, causes involuntary resistance or twitching of the injured limb. This is now got over by using a specially wound coil with a secondary current of very low voltage and a perfectly regular break, while the intensity of the current can be regulated as before by the pushing in or out of the coil of the soft iron "core." As the writer who describes this in the May number of our contemporary *Discovery* remarks, there is now no reason why one who is laid up for three weeks with a sprained ankle should find on recovery that the muscles of his leg and foot have become so weak that he develops "flat-foot."

Another excellent discovery is that of an apparatus for the cure of "foot-drop," caused by injury by gun-shot wound or otherwise to the nerve supplying the toe-raising muscles. If the limb be merely immobilised, the heel gets more and more drawn up until the muscles of the calf permanently shorten, and the patient may become lame for life. By providing a rigid gaiter encircling the leg below the knee, from which depends a plate provided with springs which raise the toe without voluntary effort on the part of the patient, this can be avoided. And these are only a few of the great improvements in the minor surgery of the lower limbs which have come into being as the direct result of the war. F. L.



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Health Resort	6000 feet	AROSA	2000 beds	Sporting Place
2700 feet		FLIMS-WALDHAUS		1100 beds
		KLOSTERS	5650 feet	CELERINA 350 beds
		Alpine Resort—4000 feet		The Centre of the Upper Engadine
		ANDEER BATHS		PASSUGG BATHS
		3250 feet—Gypseous Peat Baths	2700 feet—Alkaline and Iodine	
		Next to the Engadine	BERGÜN with Preda and Latsch	
		Illustrated Booklet, "Summer in the Grisons," from the Official Inquiry Office at Coire (Grisons). Further information from the Offices of the above-mentioned Resorts.		

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LADIES' NEWS.

At a time when social life is fairly held up, polo and tennis and cricket still go gaily, and really do keep the ball rolling. The American polo team made a fine show at Ranelagh, and convinced those who know best that it will take our team all its time to keep the Cup over here. The Duke of York and Prince Henry saw the first game at Ranelagh, where, despite a wet afternoon, a large crowd and a smart one assembled. The Prince of Wales was playing at another club, and is delighted with the game. Prince Henry shapes very well as a player. There is one woman player who has an official handicap and who has played abroad for years. Constance Duchess of Westminster used to play at Eaton Hall, always, of course, riding astride. I remember attending a ladies' polo match at Ranelagh years ago, perhaps ten or more, when the players used side saddles and wore habits. It was so slow and solemn that it actually did prove the funeral of polo for women after that fashion.

Prince Hirohito, Crown Prince of Japan, has impressed everyone favourably by his good manners, his smile, and his intense interest in things, almost as keen as that of our own Prince of Wales. His official visit proved a great success. He is now at Chesterfield House, placed at the disposal of the Government by Viscount Lascelles. It is a really fine mansion. When in the possession of the late Lord Burton and his wife, now the Dowager Lady Burton, it was a centre of great hospitalities. King Edward and Queen Alexandra were guests there on several occasions. Our present King and Queen were there more than once during the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe's tenancy. It was from there that the fourth Earl of Chesterfield wrote some of his celebrated "Letters." He was a great figure, holding several State offices. He married a natural daughter of George I. who was created Countess of Walsingham and Baroness of Aldborough. He had no children and was succeeded by a kinsman. Much of the wealth of the Chesterfield peerage passed at the death of the seventh Earl to his sister, mother of the present Earl of Carnarvon. The Japanese Prince says he is delighted with England, strange as its ways must appear to him, and curious as we must look in his eyes. Small and neat are considered the characteristics of the highest breeding in Japan. The guest entering a Japanese social assemblage bends and rubs the knees, smiling merrily the while. Postures and gestures which we find fantastic, such as turning the toes in towards each other, and placing



A RESTAURANT GOWN.

It is made of black satin and trimmed with heavy black-and-gold lace, and comes from Redfern. The sash is of printed black-and-white silk.—[Photograph by Talma.]

the arms in angular positions, the Japanese consider very pretty. Always when in society they smile, that being part of their social obligation towards others, taught them from early childhood.

The Prince of Wales is to have some queer presents when he does his tour in his Duchy. A goat-skin mantle does not sound a princely garment, but H.R.H. is to have one, also a salmon spear, some gloves, some roses, and some greyhounds. Gifts of this character are historically interesting rather than personally pleasing, but our Prince will, in his inimitable way, find them both. Part of the Prince's all-conquering charm is his unfeigned interest in the varied experiences he has. A great student of manners told me the other day that the Prince of Wales's alertness is killing the *nil admirari*, rather lackadaisical aspect that the young men of the day assumed before the war and resumed after it.

In these days of stress and strife, which, when over, will still leave long tracks behind, we all regard coal as black diamonds, and conserve it in every possible way. One way which is not only possible, but also pleasant, is to have viands from St. Ivel, Yeovil, Somerset. There is Lactic cheese, which is very toothsome and also very good for one; cream, butter, veal-and-ham pies, sausages, potted meats and fish, crèmes and consommé—all St. Ivel, therefore all pure, wholesome, and nourishing, as well as nice. Out-of-door life calls for easily eaten and easily carried meals; St. Ivel's things fulfil such requirements in the best way.

The Queen, who bought a robe for Princess Mary from Lady Inglefield last week at the Royal Amateur Art Exhibition, is much interested in that lady's scheme for teaching crippled women and girls lace-making. One girl, after twelve lessons, is making a neat and pretty edging. A woman with crippled hands, who has not been able to do any work for years, is now quite a good lace-maker. The school, under the supervision of the Medical Department of the Board of Education, is at 11, Love Walk, Denmark Hill, in winter, and in summer migrates to Old Court House, Long Crendon, Bucks. Lady Inglefield is President of the Bucks and Beds Lace Association, and works this scheme with it.

Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll is going to stay from the 24th to the 28th at the Fife Arms Hotel, Banff, a Trust House adjoining Banff House grounds, where Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught stayed last year. There is good fishing in the Deveron, near the Fife Arms Hotel. Princess Louise and her suite will have an opportunity of testing one of the houses of the Trust, which is playing such a part in making hotels and inns real temperance reformers rather than promoters of promiscuous and excessive drinking.

A. E. L.



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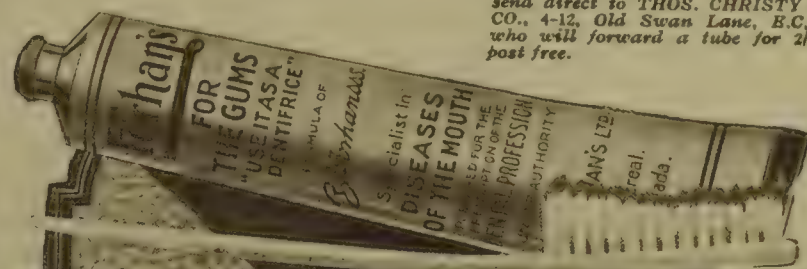
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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HUNKY DORY." AT THE KINGSWAY.

THE success of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," on the one hand, and of "The White-Headed Boy," on the other, has shown that there is no prejudice among our players against what may be called *genre* comedy as a form of drama; all they ask from an author is that his provincial types should function in a story that is not too glaringly conventional, or far-fetched. Here is where Mr. Macdonald Watson has come short. He has managed his characters happily enough, and he and his fellow members of Mr. Cecil Barth's "company of Scottish players" can give them all the value of correct dialect, accent, and pawkiness; but the fable written round his characters, with its *molif* of blackmail, is too childish for hearty acceptance, too lacking in any sustained dramatic interest. The playwright cannot keep it up, cannot connect his series of conversations with each other, or make them help to work out an intriguing plot. Regarded, however, as a mere succession of sketches and duologues, it has not a little to recommend it in the way of humour and quaintness; and it is acted by the author himself as a "sarcastic" plumber, by Mr. Walter Roy, in the title-rôle; by Miss Frances Ross-Campbell, as the widow; and by Miss Nell Barker in a variant on the

"Bunty" sort of heroine, with welcome gusto and command of Scottish diction.



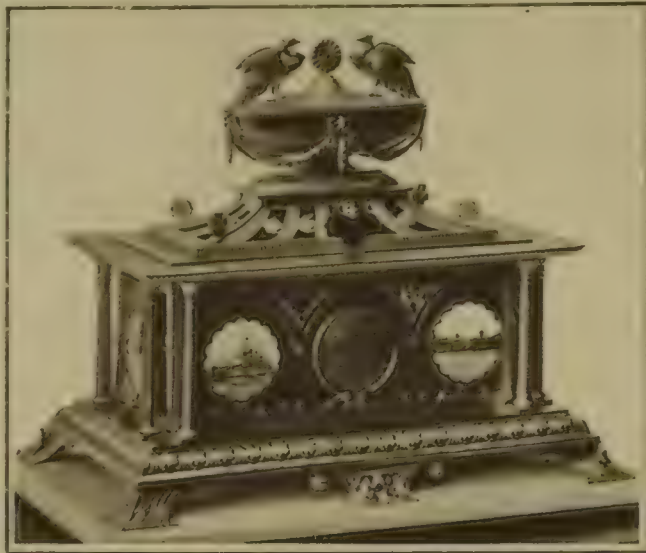
CREATED A K.B.E.: SIR RAMON DE LA SOTA.

Sir Ramon de la Sota was gazetted a Knight Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire recently. He is the senior partner of the well-known firm of Sota and Aznar, of Bilbao, London, New York, etc.

"PINS AND NEEDLES." AT THE ROYALTY.

From the spectacular point of view, there are at least two scenes in the new Royalty revue, "Pins and Needles," which are out of the ordinary: one is "My China Maid," a thing of beauty never bettered in a De Courville production; the other provides a dazzling display of the "Vagaries of Fashion" throughout

various periods. The revue is also lavishly supplied with passages of humour—both Mr. Alfred Lester and Mr. Edmund Gwenn showing capital form; while there is also good work done, especially in the way of dancing, by Mr. Jack Morrison and Miss Edith Kelly Gould. But what lends the revue distinction, and will probably draw the town, is a Grand Guignol sketch, in which figure a returned sailor, his sweetheart, and a rival swain. The last-named stabs the girl to death, and the sailor, to throw the police off the scent, dances with his sweetheart's dead body. The acting of Mr. Gwenn and Miss Billie Hill in this



THE CITY'S GIFT TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN: THE GOLD CASKET CONTAINING THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

The casket is of 18-ct gold, with beautifully enamelled panels. The inscription reads: "Presented by the Corporation of the City of London to His Imperial Highness Hirohito Shinno, Crown Prince of Japan. Guildhall, London, 11 May, 1921." The left panel shows H.I.J.M.S. "Fuji"; the right, the Royal Naval College. The casket was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

Photograph by Alfred Craske and Co.

episode was worth all the other turns in the entertainment lumped together.

"PUSSI PUSSI" AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

The enthusiastic welcome which, true to the London public's traditions of gratitude to old favourites, the Vaudeville audience accorded last week to Miss Lee White and Mr. Clay Smith, on their re-appearance after their Australian tour, was earned afresh by these popular artists in their latest entertainment of the *revue intime* order. Miss Lee White herself finds plenty

of chances for charming her admirers; in everything the vivacious Mr. Clay Smith does there is the same appearance of spontaneity; while Mr. Bert Coote has lost none of his engagingness to diners-out in search of light amusement. "Pussi! Pussi!" can be well recommended.



THE LION-GUARDED GATE OF FLANDERS: THE BADGE OF THE YPRES LEAGUE.

It is fitting that the immortal defence of Ypres, by the British Army, at a cost of over 250,000 lives, should be kept in remembrance and form a bond of comradeship among those who served there and their friends. Such is the general aim of the Ypres League, recently formed, with the special objects of preserving at Ypres a Roll of the Dead, compiling battle-field charts, and securing the erection of an outstanding Memorial of the Defence. The League is under the patronage of the King and the Prince of Wales; the President is Earl French, and the Vice-Presidents are Earl Haig, Lord Plumer, Viscount Allenby, and Viscount Burnham. All who served at Ypres, or lost a relative or comrade there, are invited to communicate with the Secretary of the League, Major H. E. Murat, 23, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, W.1. The badge of the League, here illustrated, was designed from that stirring poem "The Wardens of the Gate," especially the lines: "For the youth who died for England Kept the foe from this city In the heart of ancient Flanders; Veterans of the Bloody Salient, Wardens of the Gate to Calais." The lion guarding the gate represents the British Army.

Her Majesty the Queen of Norway has honoured Messrs. Jays, Ltd., costumiers and Court dressmakers, Regent Street, by granting them a Royal Warrant of appointment to her Majesty.

Lawn-tennis players will be interested to note that a tournament under sanction of the Lawn-Tennis Association will be held at Norbreck Hydro, Blackpool, during the week commencing June 13. Many noted players are expected. Entry forms and particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Norbreck Hydro, Blackpool.



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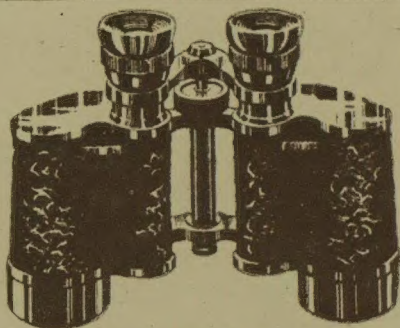
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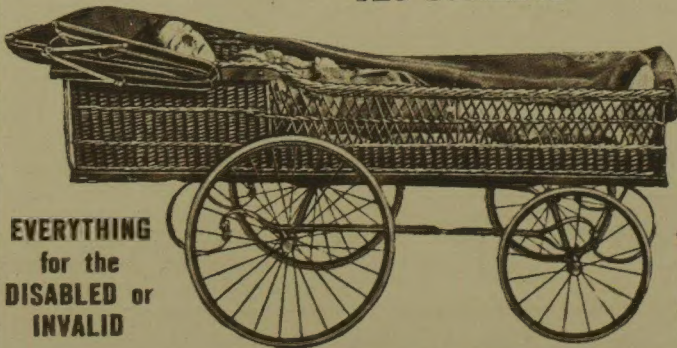
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Also PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE (a development of Player's Navy Cut). Packed in 2-oz. and 4-oz air-tight tins at 2/4 and 4/8 respectively.

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MILD (Gold Leaf)	MEDIUM
100 for 5/10; 50 for 2/11	100 for 4/8; 50 for 2/5
24 for 1/5; 12 for 8½d.	20 for 11½d.; 10 for 6d.

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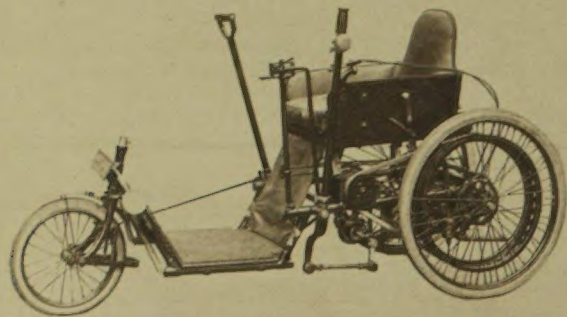
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

In the Matter of Taxation. A strong deputation representing the Motor Legislation Committee was received by the Minister of Transport recently, the purpose of the deputation being to discuss matters arising out of the new system of motor taxation. In the first place, it was again



A BOON TO THE DISABLED: THE MOTOR-ESEGO TRICYCLE—A NEW TYPE OF MACHINE.

This machine is a standard model hand-propelled tricycle, fitted with a petrol motor, manufactured by Messrs. Carters, the well-known invalids' appliance makers, 125-9, Great Portland Street, W.1.

pointed out that the method of levying the tax on possession and not on use of the roads is unjust and inequitable. On this point Sir Eric Geddes was quite obdurate, and said that he was as far apart from the deputation as ever. For my own part, I do not profess to be able to appreciate this attitude of mind. It will take a great deal to convince me that the horse-power tax is a fair and equitable means of raising revenue for highway upkeep. When it can be shown to be just that the owner of, let us say, a 20-h.p. car, paying a tax of £20 a year for a mileage of 15,000, should not be mulcted in more than the owner of an identical car which only does 5000 miles in the year, then I shall begin to understand the idea underlying the present system, but not before.

Of course, the real reason for the change of system is that the horse-power tax is easier to collect than the tax on fuel; but I have again to be convinced that a question of official convenience should be allowed to weigh against equity. Agreed that no conceivable scheme of taxation is without its anomalies, I still

believe that the fuel tax has fewer disabilities and injustices than the impost on rated horse-power.

Reducing the Scale.

In the matter of a reduction of the existing rate of tax, the Minister of Transport was distinctly more sympathetic, and definitely promised to see if powers could be taken in this year's Finance Act enabling the Ministry of Transport to reduce the scale of the tax if the amount collected should exceed anticipations. He agreed that it would be hard on the motorist if he were called upon to pay more than the amount actually budgeted for, and altogether he was exceedingly reasonable in the manner in which he dealt with the whole subject.

As a matter of fact, the question of reducing the amount of the tax has been under consideration for some little time—ever since it became obvious that the yield of the tax was likely to exceed anticipations by as much as 50 per cent. It may be that the campaign of the A.A. in connection with recent by-elections has not been without its influence upon the official mind. Without exception, every candidate who has been approached has given it as his opinion that the only equitable manner of taxing the motor vehicle is through its fuel. Every unofficial candidate has promised

to support legislation for reverting to the petrol tax, while even Ministers seeking re-election have given their opinions in favour of the fuel tax, with the reservation: "If it is administratively possible." As to the latter, we know it is administratively possible, since petrol was taxed for a full seven years, and what has been done before can be done again.

"Day to Day" Licenses.

Another matter of importance which was raised by the deputation was that of the period during which licenses are available. The point was made that the present system makes the motor trade a seasonal

business, because a great many people refuse to take delivery of new cars until the beginning of a new licensing period. The obvious remedy for this, it was urged, is to make licenses run from date to date. Sir Eric Geddes admitted the force of the contention, and promised to look into the matter with a view to seeking a way to meet the desires of the deputation. One member of the latter suggested that the Departmental Committee might be able to find a way of giving effect to the idea, and this was approved by the Minister. The subject seems to be a rather difficult one, because of the scheme of identification by the colour of the license card, but it ought not to be incapable of solution. Apparently, the deputation did not raise the question of the excessive extra charge on account of quarterly licenses, which is a matter that certainly requires looking into without delay.

On the whole, however, the result of the deputation must be said to have been highly satisfactory. Instead of the former attitude of *non possumus* adopted by the Ministry of Transport in all matters affecting motor taxation, the spirit displayed by the Minister was eminently reasonable and not a little sympathetic.

W. W.



THE "FATHER" OF THE MOTOR-CYCLING INDUSTRY: MR. JAMES L. NORTON ON ONE OF HIS WELL-KNOWN MACHINES.

Mr. Norton is Managing Director of the well-known firm of motor-cycle manufacturers bearing his name. His machines have been very successful in recent events. Recently the Norton broke the world's records for the mile and kilometre, attaining the wonderful speed of 92 m.p.h.

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"WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?"

"Daily Dispatch" Nov. 4, 1920.

"After the most exhaustive examination into the relative 'value for money' of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia motor show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16-h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing 'value for money.'"

W. H. Berry

The same writer states, in the "Evening Standard" Mar. 4, 1921.

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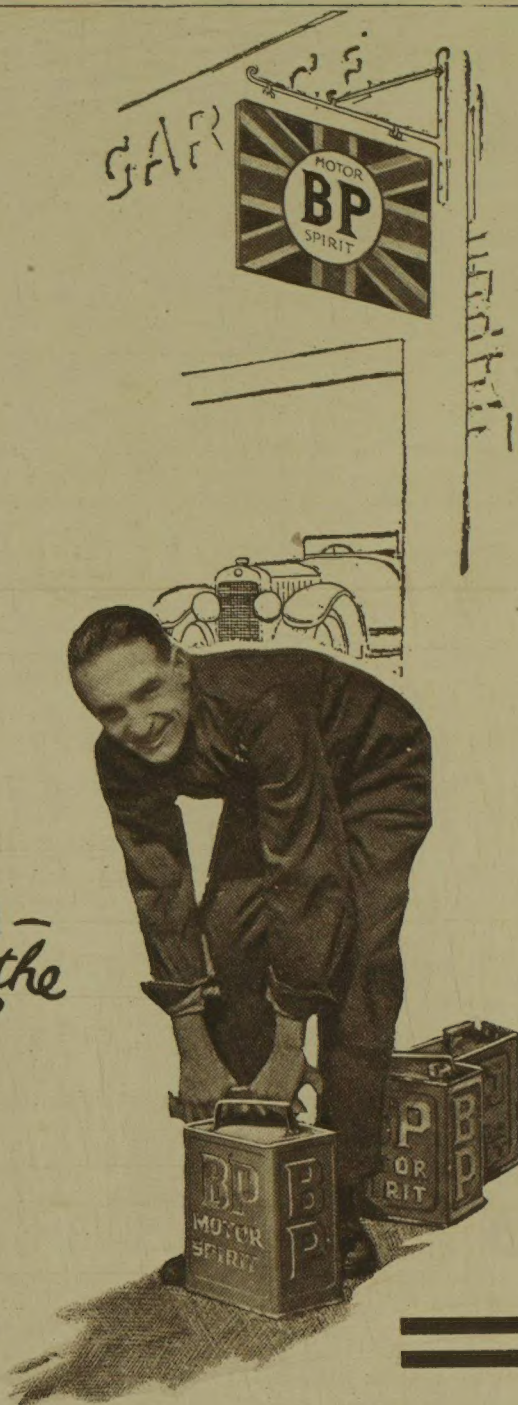
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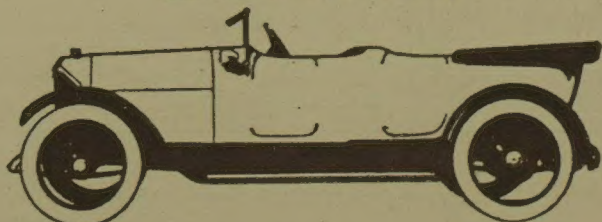
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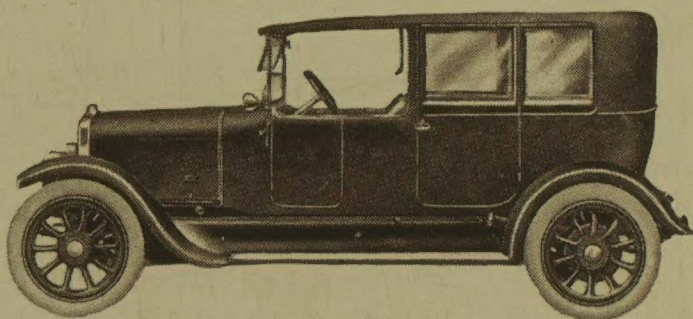
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CHESS.

FO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3857 received from F R Sutton (Clapham) and J B Camara (Madeira).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3858 received from C H Watson (Masham), R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), T Thompson (Bournemouth), H W Satow (Bangor), J F Waters (Newcastle-on-Tyne), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), H Grasset Baldwin (Farnham), F H Newton (Liverpool), and Albert Taylor (Attercliffe).

KESHAB D DE (Calcutta).—We noticed the dual in your problem, but did not consider it of much importance. We are glad its publication has given you so much pleasure.

P N BANERJI (Calcutta).—Your last two-mover has received our careful attention, but it does not quite come up to our standard, and we trust to receive some better specimens of your skill.

ARMAND DER MEARES (Baltimore).—No, there is no rule, it entirely depends upon the quality of the problem how much recognition it receives.

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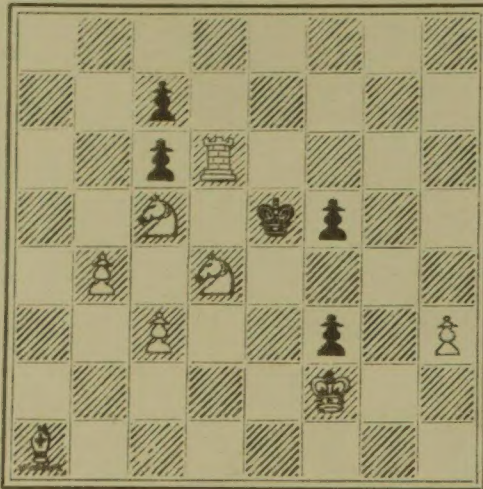
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W R KENMAN (Wellington College).—We know of no competition at the moment, but you might apply to the Secretary of the British Chess Federation.

P W HUNT (Bridgwater).—We do not know where you gathered your information about our attitude towards "en passant" play, but we have given a good many specimens of it from time to time for the keymove of a solution. In the present instance your proposed solution will not solve 3857.

PROBLEM No. 3859.—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3857.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

WHITE
1. R to Kt 2nd
2. B to R 6th
3. B to Kt 7th mate.

BLACK
P to K 5th
Any move

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. HERBERT JACOBS and J. H. BLAKE.

(Bird's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 3rd P to Q 4th
2. P to K B 4th Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd P to K 3rd
4. P to Q B 4th
P to Q Kt 3rd is not without some merit.

4. B to K 2nd Kt to B 3rd
5. Kt to B 3rd K P takes P
6. P to Q 4th P to B 4th

The opening has now resolved itself into a form of the Queen's Gambit Declined.

7. B to K 2nd Kt to B 3rd
8. P takes Q P K P takes P
9. Castles P to Q Kt 3rd
10. Kt to K 5th B to Kt 2nd
11. B to B 3rd P takes P
12. Kt takes Kt B takes Kt
13. P takes P B to B 2nd
14. P to K Kt 3rd K R to K sq
15. B to Q 2nd Kt to K 5th
16. Q R to B sq Q to Q 2nd
17. B to K sq Q R to B sq
18. B to B 2nd P to B 4th
19. R to K sq B to K 2nd
20. B to K 3rd P to B 3rd
21. Q to Kt 3rd K to R sq
22. K to Kt 2nd P to Q Kt 4th
23. R to K 2nd P to Q R 4th
24. P to Q R 3rd Q to Kt 2nd
25. B to Kt sq P to Kt 5th
26. P takes P Q takes P
27. Q takes Q P takes Q

The positions are fairly equal, and it says much for White's skill, that from this point he gradually turns the game in his favour.

Well played, keeping control of the board still in his own hands.

31. B takes P
32. Kt to B 6th R to R sq
33. Kt to K 5th R to R 7th (ch)
34. R to K 2nd K R to R sq
35. R takes R R takes R (ch)
36. K to R 3rd

The struggle becomes interesting. The appearance of safety possessed by the White King is rather deceptive, but its fighting force becomes developed by events, and by just so much White is stronger than Black, whose King is too distant to be of any service.

36. P to Kt 4th
37. P to Kt 4th P to R 4th
38. R to B 8th (ch) K to R 2nd
39. R to B 7th (ch) B to Kt 2nd
40. B takes Kt R takes P (ch)
41. K to Kt 3rd P takes P (ch)
42. K takes P B P takes B
43. K takes P

The game again looks like a draw, but Black should have brought his Rook into action more effectively, either by R to R sq or R to Q B 7th.

43. R to K Kt 7th
44. B to K 3rd K to Kt 3rd
45. R to B 6th (ch) K to R 4th

Fatally entangling himself. K to B 2nd was safe.

46. P to R 3rd B to Q 8th
47. R to Q 6th B takes Kt
48. R takes P (ch) K to R 5th
49. P takes B R takes P (ch)
50. K to B 5th K to Kt 6th
51. R to Kt 5th B to B sq
52. R to Kt 3rd K to R 5th
53. B to B 2nd (ch) Resigns.

The ending has been excellently handled by White.

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Humber

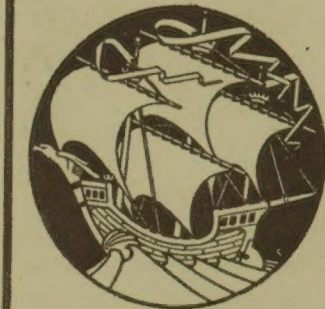
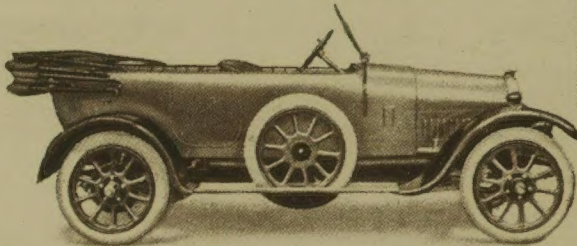
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